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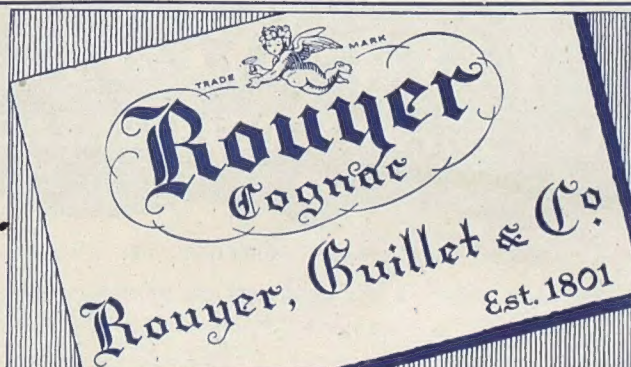
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and BYSTANDER

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Marcus Adams

A Birthday Picture of Princess Alexandra

Princess Alexandra Helen Elizabeth Olga Christabel, the Duke and Duchess of Kent's enchanting little daughter, was born on Christmas Day four years ago. She and her brother, Prince Edward, who is a year older, are two of the jolliest children, full of fun, and with a very mischievous twinkle in their eyes. It is to be hoped that the Duke and Duchess of Kent, both fully occupied with their innumerable wartime duties, will be free to spend Christmas at home in the country with their children. The Duchess must be feeling justly proud of her countrymen, the Greeks, who are playing such a magnificent part in the war, driving the Italians out of Albania step by step, and inflicting severe defeats upon Mussolini's army.



Council of War in Greece

This historic picture of an Allied Council of War in Greece, with the King of the Hellenes presiding, was taken in Athens. On King George's right sit his Prime Minister, General Metaxas, and the Chief British Liaison Officer, Major-General J. B. Gambiar-Parry. On the King's left are Air Vice-Marshal J. B. D'Albiac, D.S.O., Air Officer Commanding in Greece, and General Papagos, the Greek Commander in Chief



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

A Happier Christmas

ALTHOUGH our Christmas, 1940, may not be altogether merry, we have at least much greater cause to rejoice than this time last year. And how much happier we can feel than had seemed possible when we looked forward six months ago. Christmas, 1939, was a pretty dreary business. Our Expeditionary Force, hurriedly dispatched to France, was bogged in the mud of Flanders, occupying ill-prepared positions with nearly 150 miles of Belgium lying between its front line and the enemy, none knowing when or how the struggle on land would begin.

At home there was apprehension of the unknown. We groped about streets far darker than they are these nights, awaiting those smashing blows from the air which we had frankly dreaded since the declaration of war, but having no means of gauging how we should take them. Our own small force of bombers was flying over Germany dropping not bombs but paper. Nothing much in that, we felt, to raise our spirits. The waters round our coasts were being made deadly by the use of a new "secret weapon." Could we find an answer to the magnetic mine?

Even our own Government did not seem to be grasping at the nettles with much determination. Attempts were being made to "appease" Italy. Most of us shrewdly suspected that those large oil imports which that impoverished State was acquiring were only replacing reserve stocks passed on to our enemy, Germany. Some of us ventured to doubt whether Europe's gangster No. 1, Mussolini, had really undergone a change of heart, might one day be found fighting on

our side against his brother in arms, Hitler. No.

If we managed to simulate happiness and merriment last Christmas it was only because we are, as a nation, traditionalists.

Ourselves to Thank

SINCE then we have passed through our darkest hours. Our army driven from Norway and from France, our chief ally defeated, our own island territory gravely menaced, we had only one source of encouragement: the incredible valour and efficiency of the Royal Air Force. Yet by our own exertions we have lifted ourselves from the very bottom of the pit until six months after the loss of almost all our military equipment, we have more than recovered our strength and at long last been able to take the offensive.

If we have not yet been able to give Germany bomb for bomb, we are cheered by the news from countless sources that the injuries we have already inflicted are far more severe than those we have had to suffer. Fear of the unknown is now a thing of the past. We have taken it. It may not have been pleasant and it may yet become nastier, but it can be borne. Another cause for rejoicing.

And while we can thus afford to indulge in a measure of self-satisfaction we are further encouraged by two obvious lines of development beyond the Empire's shores. On the one hand we have been able to watch with satisfaction the obvious fumbling of our enemies, whose plans have clearly gone awry. On the other we observe a rising spirit of resistance in many countries, occupied or still outside the actual battlefield, and a growing

determination in the United States to throw their full weight into the scales on our side.

Not for nothing, therefore, have we held the fort alone throughout an anxious half-year. So let us have our Christmas with good cheer.

The Washington Embassy

IN the sombre side we have to reckon the loss of Lord Lothian as our Ambassador in Washington a heavy blow. Nor could it have come more inopportunistly. During several hectic weeks spent in England just prior to his death, Lord Lothian had been fully briefed on every aspect of British war policy and requirements. He had returned to his post ready to take up discussion of a long and intensely important agenda. His intimate association with President Roosevelt would have made it easy for him, in fireside talks, to explain, to consult and to work out those ways and means best attuned to the relative positions of the two nations.

Many of these subjects were, and remain, complicated. Perhaps most important, though least realised, is the march of events in the Far East, where Japan has been quietly profiting by British and American preoccupations elsewhere to extend her grip in Indo-China until her new bases are within easy striking distance of Singapore.

Difficult, too, is the situation in Spain. Here Lord Lothian had had the benefit of long personal talks with his brother ambassadors in Madrid and Lisbon. It had been his intention to explain personally to President Roosevelt the reasons for the policy which Britain had thought it wise to adopt in the peninsula and to seek American co-operation.

Those talks, and many others relating to our war finance and commercial policy—an important adjunct to our blockade—could not take place before Lord Lothian's death. When he reached Washington he found the President tired and listless; the natural reactions to a hard-fought election. Wisely he decided to postpone discussions of business until after Mr. Roosevelt had had a fortnight's holiday at sea. A new man must now gather up the threads and continue the mission.

A New Ambassador

FOR so vital a post, with much turning on personality, it was natural that there should be keen speculation on the Premier's choice of a new name for submission by His Majesty to the President.

As I write I do not know what decision may have been reached. King George is a stickler for strict observance of etiquette on such matters. I have known of more than one instance when he has refused to accept a Foreign Minister named for London because the appointment was publicly announced in the newspapers before his own agrément had been given. His Majesty insists on the same correct treatment of his own appointment of ambassadors and ministers to foreign countries.

In the present instance there was, in addition, a natural desire to find out whether President Roosevelt himself had in mind an Englishman with whom he would specially like to work. An interesting sidelight reached London on this point early last week. It came through an entirely unofficial source, and asked that America's own recent electoral expression of a Liberal spirit should be borne in mind when the choice was made. Three interesting names were submitted for consideration. First Sir Archibald Sinclair, Leader of the Liberal Party, and now Secretary of State for Air; second was Sir Walter Citrine, General Secretary of the Trade Union Congress, who has lately been addressing American trade unionists during a visit to the States; third was Sir Walter Layton, noted economist and since some months on a British Government mission to Washington.

It seems that Sir Walter Layton has earned very high opinions since he took up this work in America, and it is, of course, obvious that economic matters will play a highly important part in Anglo-American affairs during the next period. Sir Archibald Sinclair, on the other hand, has more the qualities of the statesman, is a fine speaker and an engaging, even compelling, personality. His name was already being canvassed in the London clubs before that hint came from Washington.

Mr. Churchill's Problem

MANY people felt that the appointment of Lord Halifax would be excellent. He would require no briefing for his task, for as Foreign Secretary he had instructed Lord

Lothian throughout. The whole world picture is at his finger-tips. And to dispatch the Foreign Secretary as Ambassador would be to pay the highest compliment to the United States.

But, it was asked, could Mr. Churchill spare Lord Halifax from the War Cabinet? Apart from his work at the Foreign Office, which could doubtless be performed at this time by another Secretary of State, Lord Halifax is notoriously the shrewdest student of politics in the Conservative Party today. It is not always easy to hold the balance in a National Government; particularly when one powerful and determined member has a clear picture of the new Socialist world order which he hopes to build up after the war is won.

Mr. Churchill has frequently told his friends that he will stay at his post until victory is secured, but he does not wish to remain in office to fashion the peace. So far there has been no sign that any other Conservative is being built up to succeed Mr. Churchill. Should the Premier reduce the War Cabinet to a body more exclusively concerned with the technical conduct of the war, the heavy responsibilities of directing the many other aspects of our effort would, presumably, devolve on Sir John Anderson, whose training is that of the civil servant rather than the politician.

General de Gaulle's Ego

IN no aspect of national affairs is the personal influence of the Prime Minister seen more clearly than in the relations between the Government and General de Gaulle. Matters affecting the Free French Movement are handled almost exclusively between the General and Mr. Churchill on a man-to-man basis. One begins to see a certain danger in this arrangement, although it is easy to understand the personal appeal of the blunt, determined French soldier for the Premier.

It would be unjust to withhold from General de Gaulle the fullest praise for the part he has played in raising the standard around which every French soldier, sailor and airman may rally if he wishes to continue with Britain the fight for the ultimate freedom and independence of his country. But it would be a disservice to the cause were one to remain silent indefinitely on certain developments which are giving rise to grave anxiety in the

minds of many Frenchmen no wit less patriotic than the general himself.

Man With a Mission

GENERAL DE GAULLE sees himself as a man with a mission. He is the new Joan of Arc. But unlike Joan, he sees himself as the head of the reborn French State. He requires of those who would fight beside him not only loyalty to France, but personal allegiance to himself. If he could have his way, the French newspaper now published in England would be his personal organ. He has, indeed, attempted so to command.

This may become dangerous. I know of more than one free-minded and determined Frenchman who has returned to his country or gone elsewhere because he has not been prepared to accept the General's own conception of his mission. Since he is admittedly an excellent soldier, he would be tragic were he to come to grief through assuming a too political role for which he may not have the necessary qualifications.

Comte de Paris

RUMOUR was busy recently with the story that the Comte de Paris had arrived secretly in England. Many inquiries were made, for it was thought that he might have come by one of those unorthodox routes by which a steady trickle of Frenchmen continues to flow to our shores. Several highly placed people were most anxious to have a talk with the claimant to the French throne.

Investigations produced in the highest quarters the information that the Comte was, in fact, in Morocco. Despite these it is my own strong conviction that this interesting and able young man is, or was until very recently, living in this country incognito. From what I know of him he is far too sensible to rush into the confusion of French political affairs at the present time, and too patriotic to make any move which could weaken the cause of de Gaulle. None the less he may be able to give prudent and friendly counsel.

Sir Stafford in his Tent

SINCE a sharp flare-up with M. Vishinski, during M. Molotov's visit to Berlin, nothing much has been heard of Sir Stafford Cripps, our Moscow Ambassador, who for a time gained more of the limelight

(Concluded on page 532)

**Forty-Eight Million Pennies for the Red Cross**

The Duke of Gloucester received for his Red Cross and St. John Fund a cheque for £200,000 from Lord Southwood, Chairman of the Penny a Week Fund. This, plus £140,000 from the Agricultural Fund, £30,000 from the Sales Fund, and the latest batch of smaller donations brought the Red Cross and St. John's total to £4,106,000 by Monday of last week. The cheques were presented at a committee meeting at Buckingham Palace

**Homage to India**

Mr. L. S. Amery, Secretary of State for India, was chief guest at a recent Foyle's luncheon, of which "Homage to India" was the inspiration. He sat next Sir Feroz Khan Noon, High Commissioner for India, who presided. Mr. Amery in his speech suggested that the spirit of "India First" would help all parties in India and the British Government to find a way out of the present political deadlock

Myself at the pictures

Escapism's the Thing: By James Agate

THERE is no point in concealing the fact that the much-praised film at the London Pavilion, *Our Town*, was a considerable disappointment to this ever-sanguine, ever-eager-to-be-delighted onlooker. I had heard excited talk of new technique, new method, wonderful pathos, wonderful acting, primitive strength.

What is the new method and technique? Merely that the film has a commentator who stands on a hillside overlooking a small American town at nightfall, turns to the camera, and says: "I shall now give you the whole history of this little town—its struggles, its hopes, its worries, its joys. The town is now asleep—but in that single lighted window a young woman is giving birth to a baby!" And so on.

This novelty for which the cinema is so excitedly applauding itself is, of course, quite as old if not much older than the Greek chorus, and there have been plenty of modern variants and modifications, many of them American, before Thornton Wilder wrote the Pulitzer Prize Play on which the film is founded.

I SHOULD not dissent so much from the universal opinion if only the matter of this film were as original as its manner is declared to be. But nothing happens! We don't see anything like the history of the town. We are not given even as much as we had of the life of a single thoroughfare in Elmer Rice's play, *Street Scene*.

All that happens in this town of Mr.

Wilder's is that a young couple develop a boy-and-girl affair into romance and marriage. The young wife nearly dies in childbirth, and then recovers. In her journey to the gates of death and back, she sees—and we see—her mother and all her grandmothers in a phalanx all facing us at different distances. And she is told—and we are told—that the dead lose everything but memory. Mr. Wilder says, in effect, that if you don't believe this, you ought to. He has no kind of argument about it.

Martha Scott and William Holden are a comely young couple. I shall know whether or not they can act when I have seen them tackle a film of *Mary Rose*.

WE were brought back to earth with a bang with a "trailer" showing the next film at the London Pavilion, and bowled over with a few hefty sips of *Girls of the Road*. This is said to show the careers of female tramps or lady hoboes who—and the trailer is profuse with capitals—Thumb their Way to Disaster. These are America's Unwanted Women, and we are to see them stopping lorries which they should not stop and letting the chaster sort of lorries pass them by.

Accompanying this saga there is to be a film about the "infant-auction racket" called *Babies for Sale* which, again with capitals, promises to be a Daring Exposé of Big Business in Little Lives. Needless to add that I can hardly possess myself in patience till this luscious programme comes along.

More seriously, such matters are far more the cinema's escapist business than illogical

womb-to-tomb maunderings without the teeniest fleck of poetry or the weeniest spark of metaphysical cogency to redeem them.

THE other evening I went to see a revival of *Algiers*, which I shall always think of as *Pépé-le-Moko*. Now *that*, surely, is the proper business of the film.

To begin with, it transports you to other climes. At Oxford, where I am writing this, there is no good weather; there are merely, as Ruskin did *not* say, different periods of bad weather. It may not have rained for days but the streets remain damp. But in *Algiers* there is apparently only one kind of weather, and all of it good, hot weather. Indeed, the film made me feel so hot that I retired to the cloakroom and discarded a waistcoat and two pullovers!

"PÉPÉ" contains what I have always regarded as the second-best moment I have known in the cinema. This is the end of the scene in which the informer is put to death. There has been a long and amazingly sadistic sequence in which the cornered rat must play cards with his captors. Finally the moment of execution arrives and the wretch, for whom you begin to feel a kind of sympathy, clammers over the furniture and seeks refuge behind an automatic piano which, as he holds on to it, begins to play a tune in whose triviality is the whole of doom.

I only know one better moment—that in which Jannings uttered his heartrending cock-a-doodle-doo.

ANOTHER brilliant thing about this old film is the lack of compromise in its treatment of the heroine. I remember how, the first time I saw the film, I wondered whether she would abandon the rich, fat Frenchman and throw in her lot with Pépé. But she does not. She is a prudent moth, which enjoys playing with fire but has no intention of getting its wings singed.

And now I find myself wishing that the young woman had burned her boats and gone to live with Pépé. What a sordid tale of disillusion that would have made, worthy of Somerset Maugham at his most bitter!

But for once in a way the film is right. This sort of woman doesn't act in that sort of way, and I have no doubt that Pépé was forgotten before the boat reached Gibraltar.

YES, films like "Pépé" are the true escapist stuff. They move in another world, of which we know nothing, and know that we shall never know anything. Which makes us all the more curious.

I have been seeing quite a lot lately of these mind-refreshers and heart-easers. Among them I shall give a very high place to *North-West Passage*.

In this are three of the most absorbing and compelling sequences I have ever seen. First there is the long business of dragging the boats over the hill. This is immediately followed by the equally long business of making a chain across the foaming torrent and, to conclude, there is the long hunger march.

I defy anybody to sit through this film and think of battle, murder and sudden death except as they were a part of the normal programme in those far-off American days.

Yes, I maintain that what we want now is big, vast, colossal films that take the mind out of itself, and not little brooding pictures which turn the mind inwards



"Our Town"—The Young Couple

Most critics thought "Our Town" both original and lovely, though most of them admitted that if you didn't like it very much you wouldn't like it at all. Mr. Agate was one of those who were not amused—or moved or impressed. Nor was he convinced that William Holden and Martha Scott, who play the young couple of the story, are as good actors as others have judged them. Nor that the Narrator (Frank Craven) added anything that a film can't do without. Sam Wood, who made "Good-bye, Mr. Chips," directed "Our Town," which in the West End was shown at the London Pavilion



The Narrator

"All This, And Heaven Too"

Bette Davis and Charles Boyer Play the Governess and the Duke in the Screen Version of Rachel Field's Novel



The new governess wins the trust of the children, the respect of their father, and the jealousy of their mother. The parents quarrel violently over the governess's sick-room regime for their only son whom she is devotedly nursing (Barbara O'Neil, Bette Davis, Charles Boyer)



Scandal spreads around Paris about the Duc de Praslin and his children's governess, encouraged by the neurotic, jealous Duchess. While his wife is away on a visit, the Duke takes his daughter Louise (Virginia Wiedler) and Mlle. Desportes to see Rachel act

The dismissal of Mlle. Desportes is followed by another quarrel between the Duke and Duchess when he asks her to write a letter of recommendation for the governess. Next day the Duchess is found murdered



Accused of the Duchess's murder, the Duke takes poison before the trial. As he is dying, Henriette Desportes is taken to see him. Later she is released for lack of evidence



The love story of the governess and the Duke is an unspoken one. After her release and the Duke's death, an American preacher, the Rev. Henry Field, helps Henriette Desportes to make a new life in a new country

In 1847 "Mlle. D," a governess, was accused, in a case that stirred all Europe, of the murder of the Corsican wife of Duc Theobald de Praslin. She was acquitted, and two years later went to America and married the Rev. Henry Field. Some twenty years later her great-niece, Rachel Field, wrote the story of Henriette Desportes in novel form. Her book, *All This, And Heaven Too*, has now been produced as a film by Anatole Litvak for Warner Bros. Bette Davis and Charles Boyer are finely cast as the governess and the Duke. Barbara O'Neil plays the Duchess, little Virginia Wiedler is the eldest daughter. *All This, And Heaven Too* begins tomorrow, as a "Christmas attraction," at the Warner Theatre



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Roberta Huby—Principal Girl for Blackpool

Blackpool, northern hub of the wartime theatre, is having a pantomime to match the busy brilliance of its autumn season. *Dick Whittington* has Lancashire's own comedian, George Formby, as Idle Jack; a pretty London girl, Roberta Huby, as Principal Girl; a Liverpool-born actress, Helen Breen, as Principal Boy (she is the wife of Tom Arnold, the pantomime king). Roberta Huby made her debut aged sixteen in a famous Christmas show, *Toad of Toad Hall*, then did a spell of cabaret, then went into *Black Velvet* and the second version of *Swinging the Gate*. A success in *Dick Whittington* will put her right in the map's centre as far as the North of England is concerned. In private life she is Mrs. John Roberts; her husband, formerly on the stage, is now in a Royal Artillery O.C.T.U.

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Pantomime As Usual

A LITTLE while ago—some months, to be more precise, before the war—I witnessed a remarkable sight.

I was sitting on the outskirts of a wood in one of the outlying districts near London. It was a very beautiful wood—more beautiful than any I know within business



The little girl possessed a remarkably sweet voice

distance of town. One or two birds were singing; a white rabbit—yes, a real white rabbit—scampered in and out and away through the trees; and just before me a little stream fell in cascades down a green-mossed bank.

As I sat drinking in the beauty of the scene, a little girl, very nicely dressed and unusually clean for a girl of her class, came along singing. It was natural, almost inevitable, that one should sing in such a wood, and the little girl possessed a remarkably sweet voice. She sat down quite near to me—not twenty yards away—without appearing to have noticed me. And she went on singing so prettily that I could have listened to her for an hour.

BUT she went away then, and again I was alone on the outskirts of the wood. Not, however, for long. For two tramps, whose approach had escaped my ears, began to clamber down the bank, and one of them, missing his footing, grabbed hold of his comrade and pulled him over, so that they both rolled in a ridiculous tangle right through the stream to the bottom of the slope.

Then the tramp who had been grabbed began to quarrel with the tramp who had grabbed him, calling him unheard-of names. And they came to fisticuffs, and the way they knocked each other about, without appearing very much the worse for it, almost made my eyes pop out of my head.

SUDDENLY (perhaps because the water had made them wet) they whipped off their tattered coats, and their tattered

waistcoats, and their tattered—yes, their tattered trousers—and lo and behold! there they were arrayed (I will take my oath on the truth of every word of this) in purple tights, leaping this way and that, and turning handsprings nineteen to the dozen.

And a moment later a man tapped me on the shoulder and asked me whether I thought it a good show.

I TOLD him that I thought it would undoubtedly prove very popular. But the extraordinary intrusion of those purple-tighted acrobats upon the sylvan landscape had suddenly awakened me to the eerie strangeness of this fairyland which is presented to children in the modern pantomime.

Every child has his own vision of fairyland, unconsciously derived from and built up of these incidents which have stood out most prominently in the stories he has read or heard. To one it is a magic



Rolled in a ridiculous tangle to the bottom of the slope

wood of elves and fairies six inches high, to another it is a city of palaces peopled by life-size courtiers and princesses, with a dragon ramping away in the hills. To a third it is a magic cave stalactited and stalagmited with lollipops and toffee.

BUT to none, till they have passed the Rubicon on the box-office, can it present anything approaching the wild and wonderful conglomeration of ideas, the amazing combination of Peckham and Paradise, which goes on the stage to make up the kingdom in which Cinderella lost her slipper or the island on which Robinson Crusoe was cast adrift. Here, in this palace, all may go well for a few minutes, but sooner or later the childlike mind is bound to be bemused by the miraculous appearance among the fairies of someone not unlike the woman who scrubs your front doorsteps at home, but with a redder nose and more interesting stockings.

There, on the island, is the house that Robinson built all right, and the parrot, and the dog, and the good Friday—but whence, oh, whence this queer individual in evening



Miraculous appearance among the fairies

dress playing the violin with one foot in his mouth?

IT is not fairyland, yet it serves to divert. Sindbad waving a Union Jack, elephants clanging cymbals on the road Dick Whittington took to London, Red Riding Hood's wolf suddenly deciding to walk the tight-rope, Humpty-Dumpty with a bottle of Bass just like father drinks, Old King Cole conversing with his head fiddler on rationing—what a land of mystery it all is!

OF course, after the first shock, the child accepts the situation as unquestioningly as he accepts the half-grasped moral maxims of his parents. It must be all right. Just see how mother is laughing and clapping. So he laughs and claps and holds his tongue. Perhaps he has been an awful little fool and has imagined fairyland all wrong. And he goes on laughing and clapping and holding his tongue in the trustful belief that, as father says, he will know better when he grows up.

Will he? Does he? Who can say? But I wouldn't have this year's pantomimes different from last. We have tried Nice Plays for Children. We know what they are. Probably knockabout is a better preparation for the future than wish-wash.



Old King Cole on rationing

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Nice Belgians

ANOTHER week's ever-popular Overseas League luncheon was to the Belgians, who were very charming, and there were lots of people to meet them. Mr. Leslie Burgin and Mr. Ernest Brown, both of whom won the Italian medals in the last war, were among the speakers. Mr. Brown was very amusing, and made some lovely jokes; Mr. Burgin was excellent in French.

Then Sir Edward Campbell had a go in Flemish, which those who understood obviously enjoyed very much, and finally, Mr. Gutt, Belgian Minister of National Defence, made a speech, in charming, husky English that added to its moving simplicity, on the



Field-Marshal's Daughter Engaged

Miss Elspeth Mariot (Jane) Ironside, only daughter of Field-Marshal Sir Edmund Ironside and Lady Ironside of Hingham, near Norwich, is engaged to be married to Lieut. Andrew Gilbert Hendry, the Black Watch (R.H.R.), only son of the late Mr. Andrew Hendry and Mrs. Hendry, of Gagie, Angus. Miss Ironside holds a commission as Company Assistant in the A.T.S.

subject of the Belgian Army's resistance and subsequent happenings.

The Belgian Ambassador—a great friend of England and a fine shot—was there; M. Pierlot, the Premier; M. Spaak, Foreign Minister; Colonel Wouters, Air and Military Attaché; Captain Commandant Le Grand, Chef de Cabinet; Lieut. Woden, Sous-Chef de Cabinet, and seventeen other Belgian officers.

Among the fascinating people who came to meet them were gay Admiral Muselier, jovial Mr. Alan Graham, M.P., clever Sir William Jowitt, loud-voiced Mr. R. Stokes, M.P., Sir Gifford Fox, M.P., talented and hard-working Miss Trefusis Forbes, and plenty more..

From Canada

It seems that Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale (Barbara Cartland) had a busy and interesting time while in Canada. She

writes to say that she managed to squeeze in two big lecture tours, a broadcast, the writing of a biography, and a talk to school-children before she returned—which she did because so few poor children have got away, and as her eldest brother, Major Ronald Cartland, M.P., is still missing, she felt she could not stay in safety while his constituency in Birmingham is bombed night after night.

Social Contacts in Montreal—

BEFORE leaving for this laudable reason, she collected some information about evacuees and others, as follows:

"Lady Patricia de Benden—Lord Queensberry's daughter—has taken one of the most delightful houses in Montreal for her six-months-old baby, 'The Countess Caroline,' and her step-sister, Anne Dunn. Lady Dunn returned to England in August, and is helping in Mrs. John Dewar's hospital for convalescent officers, while Sir James is vitally busy in the steel industry, travelling all over Canada and the U.S.A.

"Next door to Lady Patricia is witty and enchanting Mme. Jeanne Perry, who was a Tashereau, a French family sent by Louis XIV. to colonise Canada many years before the British got there. Mme. Perry has left half her possessions in Paris, half in London. She has, however, her five-year-old grandchild with her, and two

little English refugees from the blitz, the small daughters of Sir John and Lady Child.

"Among Montreallers, vivacious Mrs. W. B. Holt, known as 'Babby,' entertains unceasingly, while her brother-in-law, Sir Andrew Holt, is in London. Her special charge is six-year-old Glen Allen, stepson of Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis, who is in the Army somewhere in England.

"Mrs. Philip Osler, a 'brunette with an infectious laugh,' is apparently the gayest, prettiest and most popular person in the city."

—And in Toronto

HERE the most popular person is undoubtedly Lady Peacock, whose husband is a Governor of the Bank of England. She spent the summer at Metis Beach, accompanied by white-haired Mrs. Campbell Laing, whose son is in the 9th Lancers.

"Also at that fashionable resort were the James Muirs; he is a red-haired Scot, and a most important personage in the Royal Bank, and their daughter Heather is undoubtedly the most intelligent Canadian débutante this fall.

"One of the busiest people in Canada is the Hon. Ariel Baird, Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Alice, and second daughter of Lord and Lady Stonehaven. She has an arduous and interesting job, while tall, charming Captain Little, well known in the Warwickshire hunting-field, is Comptroller to H.E. the Earl of Athlone.

"The best-looking, the most generous, and the most popular man in Canada is J. W. McConnell, owner of the *Montreal Star*, who recently gave a million dollars to our 'Spitfire' fund."

Everyone certainly seems to be very busy, generous, popular and attractive. Oh, and Lady Essenden is in Vancouver with her brother.



Diamond Wedding

A message of congratulation was sent by the King and Queen to Lord and Lady Cochrane of Cultra on the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding, and a family reunion was held at Crawford Priory to celebrate the occasion. The house-party consisted of (at back) Lady Martha Bruce, the Earl of Elgin, Air Commodore the Hon. Ralph Cochrane, Major the Hon. Thomas Cochrane, the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Cochrane, the Countess of Elgin, and Lady Jean Bruce; (in front) Lord Cochrane, Lady Cochrane, Mr. Anthony Cochrane, and Lady Elizabeth Cochrane; (on the ground) Lady Alison Bruce and the Hon. David Bruce

"The Joys" in Wartime

THE Players' Theatre, which presents *Ridgeway's Late Joys* so meatily, is now functioning at 13, Albemarle Street, which was once upon a time *The Bat* and, more recently, *El Morocco*.

The audience sit at little tables, and there are really hot hot-dogs to eat, and lobster and chicken patties, and cherry flans and things, all delicious, and drinks—but only until ten, because the authorities are afraid of the brutal and licentious soldiery being over-excited, which is a pity, because here, if anywhere in London, the entertainment is first-rate and as innocent as can be.

Songs

IN the cabaret programme, at 7.30, are wonderful old songs, many of them dug out of the British Museum; everyone is likely to encounter some familiar and some new treasures amongst them. "In the Twi-twi-light," "Where Did Yqu Get that Hat?", "Josh-ua," "A Raspberry Tart in a Little Poke Bonnet." And so on. And "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," which always conveys a lovely, spanking girl in tights and spangles—and there she is, in the undulating shape of Miss Joan Gates, who has all the gusto of the Porterhouse-steak and stage-door-Johnnie period.

Among the loveliest things are Mr. Robert Eddison's sketches, of which the Hon. Maude Eddison, everybody's aunt or great-aunt, is as perfect as the large cameo she wears on her wrist, outside the openwork mitten. The fixed, commanding stare, the almost deadness of an upraised hand, the bewildered, but obstinate, down-drawn mouth, the aggrieved, defensive-assertive failing voice, are just a few of the minutely accurate details that build up this magnificent character.

Jockeys in Uniform

UNIFORM, the great leveller, comes to all callings and makes them anonymous. But jockeys are not so easy to disguise, owing to their size; the very smallest Government-issued suiting is apt to have to be braced up to the armpits, and still hang in folds.

Among the gallant little gentlemen of the Turf now serving their country are Tommy Weston, a C.P.O. in the Navy; Jimmy Simpson, a sergeant air-gunner; Tommy Lowry, also in the Air Force; and Jack Leach, a lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade.

The late Tom Leach was the trainer who always wore a white bowler, except for funerals. It is said that he got the idea from King Edward.

About the Berkeley Hunt

THIS pack is carrying on three days a week, having reduced their area. Their kennels have always been at Lord Berkeley's home, lovely Berkeley Castle. Not being a hunting man himself, he lets his cousin, Mr. Berkeley, hunt the hounds. Colonel Turner used to be joint, but has now given up on becoming High Sheriff of Gloucestershire. He also commands the local Civil Defence.

Anniversary

THE 298th anniversary of the discovery of New Zealand by the Dutch explorer, Tasman (after whom Tasmania is named), was festively celebrated at the New Zealand Forces Club last week. The guests of honour were mainly Dutch, and Prince Bernhard was there, looking boyish, and speaking English beautifully, when he replied to Mr. Jordan, High Commissioner for New Zealand. Mr. Michaelis, the Dutch Ambassador, spoke, and said that they had discovered New Zealand a hundred and fifty years before Captain Cook, and had made a great mistake in not keeping it.



Vandyk

Lady-in-Waiting

The Hon. Ariel Baird, second daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Stonehaven, has a most interesting job. She has been in Canada as Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, since the appointment of the Earl of Athlone as Governor-General of Canada last spring, on the death of the late Lord Tweedsmuir. Her father is a former Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of Australia.

Lord Croft was there; masses of Dutch naval officers, including charming Captain Baron von Asbeck, and on the balcony was Miss Anna Zinkeisen (Mrs. Heseltine in private life), making sketches of the scene, and most attractive in her V.A.D. uniform. Her Regent's Park home has been bombed, but she was smiling just the same.

**Marriage of the Marquess of Londonderry's Daughter**

Lady Mairi Vane-Tempest-Stewart, youngest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry, was married in the private chapel at Mount Stewart, Co. Down, to Captain the Hon. Derek Keppel, 13-18th Royal Hussars (seconded R.A.F.), eldest son of Viscount Bury. A special hymn written by the bride's mother, set to the "Londonderry Air," was sung by a choir drawn from Army officers in Northern Ireland. The group taken after the wedding includes Flight-Lieut. Riggall (best man), Lady Margaret Muntz, Viscount Bury, the Marchioness of Londonderry, the bridegroom, the bride, the Marquess of Londonderry, Lady Helena Jessel, the Hon. Mrs. David McKenna, and the Hon. Cynthia Keppel. The two latter are sisters of the bridegroom, and Lady Margaret Muntz and Lady Helena Jessel sisters of the bride.

A Good One-Day Meeting at Cheltenham



Taking the Water-Jump in the Three Mile Handicap Steeplechase

Paladin, the winner of the Three Mile Handicap Steeplechase (No. 1), took the water jump with Roi d'Egypte beside him, and Dominic's Cross just behind. Paladin belongs to Mr. R. A. Holbech, was ridden by Mr. A. Hunter, is trained by J. Hall at Russley Park



Miss Christian Livingstone-Learmonth talked to Captain and Mrs. Sedwick-Rough

There were some 150 horses saddled for the one-day National Hunt meeting at Cheltenham earlier this month, and a very fair number of people turned up to see them run. The big hurdle race of the day was won by Lord Rosebery's Luncheon Hour, his third win in three weeks. The training of Lord Rosebery's horses is now supervised by his stepdaughter, the Duchess of Norfolk, in the absence of Victor Gilpin on active service, and she was at Cheltenham to see Luncheon Hour run. J. Bancroft is the official trainer at the Michel Grove stables. The day's big steeplechase went to Mr. R. A. Holbech's Paladin, Mr. A. Hunter up, which came in three lengths ahead of Mr. Hobbs' Luxborough



The Hon. Patricia Eyres-Monsell, here with Sec. Lieut. A. McNalty, lives near by at Dumbleton Hall



Major Sir Anthony and Lady Palmer met Mrs. Huntington (centre) in the paddock. The Palmers were married last year, had a daughter in August



The Hon. Sheila Digby, walking round with Mrs. Robert Elwes, saw Luncheon Hour, which belongs to her uncle, Lord Rosebery, win the Gloucester Handicap Hurdle Race



Mrs. W. Unwin was photographed with Major A. F. Featherstonhaugh



Captain R. C. Vigors, Mrs. Vigors and Miss Felicity Pardoc were three more at Cheltenham



Trio in the paddock were Mrs. J. F. B. Ewen, Mrs. Raymond Lort-Phillips, and Mrs. George Gordon-Lennox



Lady Sybil Phipps



Taking the second fence in the Winchcombe Handicap Steeplechase, which was won by Mr. E. W. W. Bailey's Golden Knight

Below, Lady Weymouth is talking to Mr. N. Carlisle



Miss Angela Palmer, younger sister of Sir Anthony Palmer, is with Miss Jean Palethorpe, below



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

NEITHER of the two German spies—the first of this war—recently executed at Pentonville was a ravishing blonde with magnetic eyes, but we understand the Secret Service boys are straining every nerve to find one. Fleet Street is prepared to give them every latitude, and has promised to describe even a kind of battered district visitor like Mata Hari, that hay-bag, as a Venus in fiend's clothing.

The truth about Mata Hari, a chap in the Intelligence once told us, was that that glamour-baby notoriously threw her mysterious spell chiefly over citizens in bowler hats, who have a poor æsthetic sense, like financiers, and are very dumb and impressionable. La Hari was not terribly efficient—the famous Frau Doktor, a more bustling, motherly type without any froufrou or flaffa, did far more damage to the Allies—and the rococo costume of the period helped her considerably.

Why the French so ceremoniously shot her is not quite clear even now (this chap said) except maybe that the authorities wanted to switch the public's attention off something else. Compare, in this country, those periodical storms of controversy over the Oldest Old Etonian which rock Britain to her foundations and are cunningly engineered by the Government for the same sinister purpose, with the cynical collaboration of Auntie Times.

IF the populace didn't fear and loathe mental exercise so much (added this chap) it surely would be obvious to

everybody that really beautiful female spies are, and must be, as rare as a pair of corduroy pants in the Labour Party. Four pounds a week is the average international peacetime rate of pay. How much beauty can you expect to get for that?

Loot

MURILLO'S "Immaculate Conception," which Marshal Pétain sent back to Spain with a graceful note on the feast of that name, was looted by Marshal Soult when he was governor of Andalusia. Its return to its owners at this moment may seem rather pointed, seeing that the Gioconda and the Winged Victory have been looted by Hitler from the Louvre, according to report.

But once you start combing the world's art galleries for other people's property, where are you to leave off? The Gioconda belongs to Italy, the Winged Victory to Greece.

As Great Britain has never been at war with Italy till now, one may assume that what masterpieces of the Italian School we possess were honestly come by, so far as anything in the art racket can be.

We don't seem ever to have taken much during the centuries from the French, who (apart from our being decent about these things) are of course very difficult people to take things from. For the last hundred years, moreover, we seem to have been fighting fuzzy people whose artistic expression is confined chiefly to carving ugly



MAURICE M'CLOUGHLIN

"I said it went—whee-ee-ee crash!!!"

faces on coconuts and making brass pots of an uninteresting kind; and few connoisseurs think much of the Boer Primitives in painting and sculpture, either, they tell us.

So you might say that over and above our national integrity, our generals have never had much opportunity of swiping Titians and Watteaus and Murillos and the rich contents of castles, not to speak of the rich loot of churches, the last big scramble for which occurred under Henry VIII., so far as the Race is concerned. However, there were the Elgin Marbles.

This is now rather a topical question—one of Auntie Times' boys has already demanded the return of the Marbles to Greece, for the first time since Lord Elgin snaffled them from the Parthenon with Turkish connivance, to the virtuous indignation of the French and also of Lord Byron, who rent the air with cockatoo-like screeches. But in this case we had strong moral justification. The Turks would have used the Marbles for targets, undoubtedly. Or so we've always understood.

Idyll

OUR recent note on the Kailyard Movement, which made nearly as much money for chaps who got in on the ground floor as the present Hemingway or Hair-On-The-Chest School of Fiction, now declining, has moved a reader to tell us a pleasant Fleet Street story we had long forgotten.

It concerns that crusty and eminent personage, T. W. H. Crosland, critic, poet and journalist, last of the Great Eccentrics of the Street. The bellicose Crosland, who hated Scots, took a violent dislike to Dr. (later Sir) William Robertson Nichol of the *British Weekly*, a literary dictator who at one time practically ran the critical racket single-handed and boosted not a few booksy boys and girls, especially Scots, to fortune.

(Concluded on page 514)



"I'm 'Sailor-boy Sausages'; would you care to make up a four round at 'Bimble's Vivid Cough Cure'?"



Winter Morning: a Camera Study of a Hampshire Village, by Val Doone

Standing By...

(Continued)

One day Crosland was seen to change a cheque at his bank for a pocketful of half crowns. Issuing thence into Fleet Street, he stopped every approaching passer-by who looked at all pompous or glossy, with the sharp question : " Excuse me, Sir, but are you by any chance Dr. William Robertson Nichol ? " Getting the answer " No," Crosland said " Thank God ! " pressed half a crown into the stranger's palm, and passed on, mumbling fiercely to the next one.

Change

ONE heartening aspect of the British Army of to-day, as compared with the British Army of the Great War, is the superior kind of general officers engaged. As every survivor of the last conflict is aware, more than one general in the field towards 1918—fortunately on both sides—didn't know whether it was Iceland or Thursday week and was (not to put too fine a point on it) a pop-eyed chimera bombinating in a purple vacuum.

You don't find this mentioned in official histories of the Great War, which were written by gentlemen, or in any regimental or other diaries, which were written by chaps who strictly played the game, but numbers of us slopshous New Army cads were sadly cognisant of it. Maybe if we interlopers hadn't been strictly barred from holding any rank above that of temporary brigadier we'd have wandered round in the same fog or mizmaze, for all our alleged intelligence (civilians—pooh!) and found the same outlet for their energies in planning trench-raids of a fantastic, costly and useless nature?

Anyway, everything is different now, thank Heaven; the generals obviously know their jobs, their Staffs are said to know theirs; and the ordinary regimental hack of 1941 will miss that respectful, ominous thrill afforded by the spectacle of the demigods and their gorgeous cohorts prancing gingerly out to inspect the wicket before a big attack and deciding that five feet of mud was good enough for play.

MEANWHILE we hope the gossip-boys will go on calling eminent generals by their "shop" nicknames, such as "Towser" and "Lightning," and "The Golliwog." (Except when the boys get it wrong, as in the case of Lord Gort, for whom they passionately selected the romantic label "Tiger," when, as everybody in the Army knows, the only nickname he ever bore was "Fat Boy.")

Such usage gives the contemptuous Russian military caste the kind of wrong idea which is highly valuable, in our pitiful view, and the generals don't like it much either, we gather.

Renaissance

LIFE in Brighton seems practically back to normal, judging by the current murder mystery.

Many of us thought that the passing of Sir Harry Preston and the closing-down of the Albion, followed so soon by the exodus, in the first days of the war, like a flight of shrill, bright-beaked tropical birds, of Brighton's more exotic population, spelt a doom at least temporary.

The racing gangs in the back slums had little to do with their razors but glumly pare their nails, the tiny British colony looked more wan and lonely than ever, the military wired and held the front and the beaches, and the gulls, honking dismally like the spirits of stockbrokers deprived of their blondes, were the voice of Brighton lamenting the age of gold.

The current murder is not a very good one by Brighton standards—no bag or trunk or basement cupboard is involved, for example, and the underworld and the night-clubs are not unduly excited—but it shows once more that Hitler's attempts

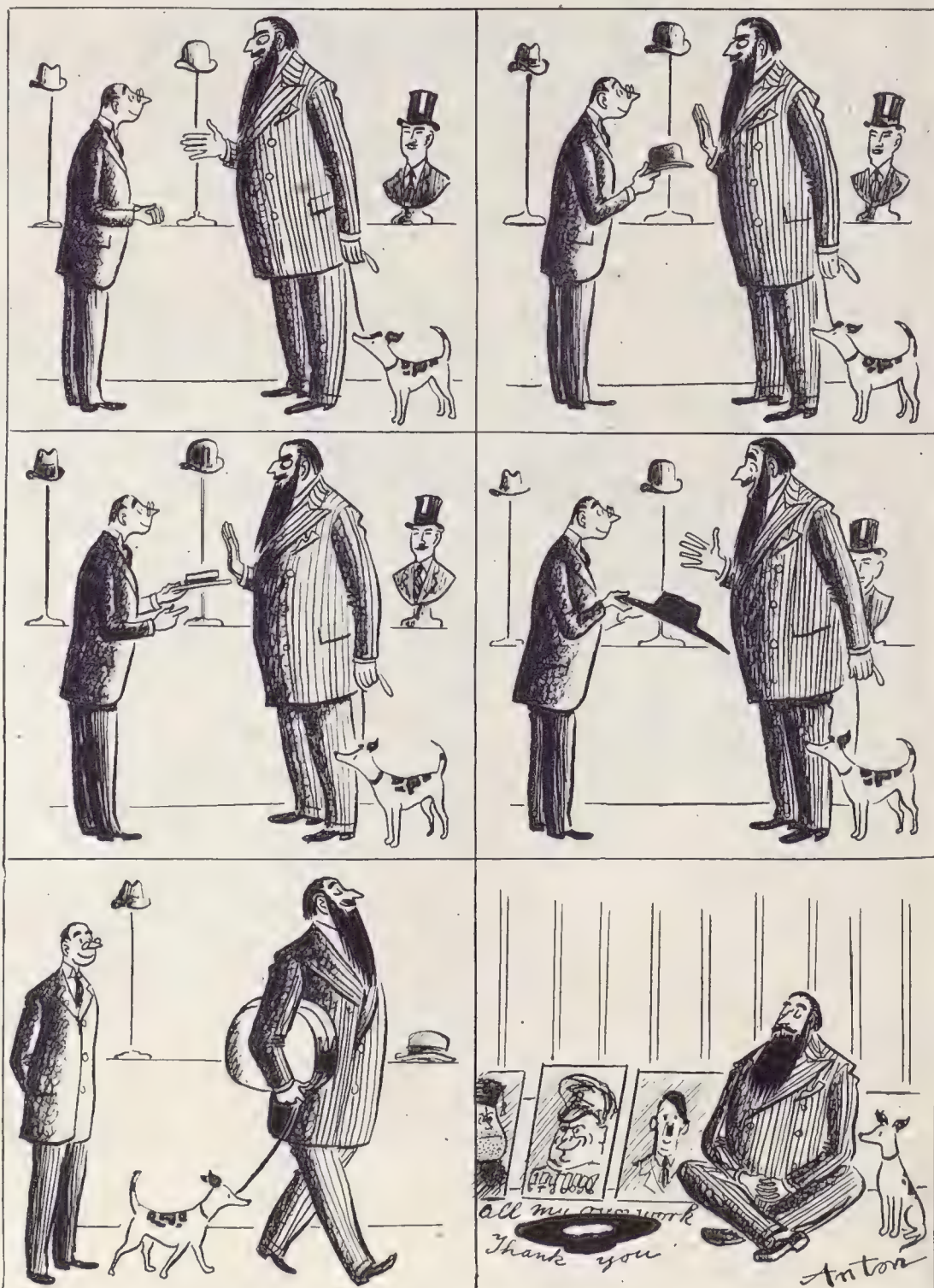
to upset the even tenor of the lives of the citizens of these islands are more than futile.

The queen of slaughtering-places still holds her head up proudly and defies the world.

THE relatively small numbers of murders at Southend have been variously explained away by lovers of that town—for example, that endless pier, the contemplation and exploitation of which satisfies the natives' need for self-expression.

We still hold personally to the view that that imposing statue of Queen Victoria on the front—so often mistaken, as we've so often explained, for James ("Boss.") Agate, Discoverer of Southend—intimidates the most vivacious and cows the most wanton.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"Shall I put some nice, rich, brown gravy on it, Bill?"

War-Working Girls

The Hon. Elizabeth Wyndham, adopted daughter of Lord and Lady Leconfield, but for the war would have been a debutante of 1940, fully occupied with a round of gaieties. She, like many others, has turned to more serious activities and is busily engaged in Red Cross work.



The Hon. Elizabeth Wyndham



Miss Catherine Sinclair



Miss Sylvia Morrison-Bell

Miss Catherine Sinclair's war work consists of an outdoor life, helping on the land and in the dairy. She is the daughter of Sir Archibald Sinclair, Bt., Secretary of State for Air, and Lady Sinclair. They have a lovely home in Caithness, Thurso Castle.

Miss Sylvia Morrison-Bell does canteen work. Her father is Lieut.-Colonel Eustace Morrison-Bell, and her mother is the Hon. Mrs. Morrison-Bell, half-sister of Lord Clinton, who owns two places in Devonshire and one in Scotland. The Morrison-Bells live at Pit House, Bembridge, I. of W.



Miss Mary Asquith

Miss Mary Asquith is the eldest daughter of the late Brig.-General the Hon. Arthur Asquith, third son of the first Earl, and the Hon. Mrs. Asquith, daughter of the third Lord Manners, and a granddaughter of the Countess of Oxford and Asquith. Miss Asquith is a member of the M.T.C.

Photographs by
Harlip and Lenarc



Number Eleven, Lyall Street, is one of Belgravia's most charming "irregularities." Outside it stand Mrs. Dear and her keeshound, Jany van Zandan, which came from Mrs. Wingfield Digby's kennels at Sherborne Castle



Mrs. Dear is Belgian. In her drawing-room is a bronze head of the late King Albert of the Belgians by the Belgian sculptor, Nemon

At Home

Mr. and Mrs. David Dear at Their Lyall Street House

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Every Wednesday at six o'clock Mrs. David Dear is at home to her friends at 11, Lyall Street. She and her husband instituted this pleasant habit soon after they were married five years ago, and she has kept it up in spite of blitz and black-out. She belongs to the well-known Belgian family of van Beekhoven, lived in Belgium until her marriage, took a degree in history at Brussels University. She is a painter herself and has many friends who are artists and writers, headed by the Belgian sculptor, Nemon. She and her husband have spent much time collecting pictures, tapestries, old furniture and objets d'art for their Lyall Street house (which used to belong to Sylvia Countess Poulett). David Dear, now serving as a Gunner, studied law but has not practised, was in the Territorial Army for four years before the war, is now prospective Conservative candidate for North Islington



Nemon created this laughing head of Mrs. Dear. The Belgian sculptor, who is a great friend of hers, is now living and working in England

Mr. Dear is a Sec.-Lt. in the Royal Artillery, was home on short leave when the picture on the left was taken



Where'er we go, the Row, the Ritz,
The U.S.A. Embassy stairs,



There were angels drinking gin and Its
And nightingales sang in well-bred squares



We travelled far and we travelled wide
To exotic and gay pieds-à-terre



Wherever we went, we heard outside
The nightingales sing in slap-up squares



The cachets Faivre we bought in Sèvres,
The Enos in Buenos Aires,



Brought back delights of
When nightingales sang

Dorothy Dickson Burlesques the Nightingale of Berkeley Square

Her Turn Now

Dorothy Dickson in "Diversion" Makes Her
First Appearance as a Revue Comedienne

Dorothy Dickson, one of the many stars in London's only revue, *Diversion*, at Wyndham's Theatre, is as full of charm and personality as ever. She puts across, with enormous success, Herbert Farjeon's parody of the debutante's favourite song, "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square," originally written by Eric Maschwitz for Judy Campbell to sing in *New Faces*, with music by Manning Sherwin. Dorothy Dickson, complete with white feather boa, is sweetly malicious in this skit on the debutante's ecstasy. She also has a comic sketch with Walter Crisham, where as a Cockney girl home from her annual holiday, she shows him an endless collection of snapshots, rather blurred and mostly of a hen! In the picture below she is seen in true Hollywood style as a glamour girl, photographed with the usual somewhat exotic pet



Photographs by
Anthony

With Silent Friends

By Richard King

A Delightful Children's Story

LAST Christmas was queer; this Christmas is likely to be queerer. Goodness knows what next Christmas will be like! In the meanwhile, another Yuletide is upon us. "A good time was had by all"—in an Anderson shelter; who knows? I have heard it stated that perhaps, in years to come, all houses will be built underground, and we shall just come up to see what the weather's like! The March of Civilisation goes on apace, I suppose. It all sounds rather dreary, but quite safe.

Yet, no wonder elderly people often rub their eyes of memory to remind themselves of the fact that once, actually, we lived on the fat of the land—untinned—that hens laid twelve eggs to the shilling, that the Income Tax was a mere nothing in the pound, that one went to bed to sleep peacefully, that one could travel all over the Continent without a passport, that if you looked after your pennies the Government did not look after your pounds, that youth had a definite future, and that you could go out without a torch, a gas-mask and a card of identity. It seems unbelievable, doesn't it? But then, lots of things seem unbelievable these days—these days, which are hardest to believe of all.

And once there was an old-fashioned Christmas—a children's Christmas. When one could scarcely sleep on Christmas Eve lest Father Christmas pass one by, and there were Christmas waits, and Christmas cards, all glistening with Epsom salt, and plum-pudding black with fruit and semi-intoxicated by brandy, and Christmas hymns

heralded the promise of greater happiness than (perhaps) an extra two-ounce ration of "pool" tea signifies!

And farther back still, when we did believe in fairies and Jack really killed a giant, until we come to old-fashioned children's books besides the vigour of which most modern stories written for children look complete "cissies." But then, I have long come to the conclusion that most modern children's books seem to have been written by mothers for mothers—and, let me add, the kind of mother who, having produced one child at long last, seems to imagine that, as a woman, her life's work is accomplished! Such fanciful anæmia so many of them are, these modern children's books, I mean. So playful, so delicate—and so "soppy"! Children, my experience has been, detest the pretty-pretty. They like adventure; even a bit of horror, and, as for a chapter heading for a flood of tears—they gollop it up! In one way they are extreme realists. Tuppence coloured every time, in preference to the paler pastel shades.

So here let me add that I believe that *The House in the Mountains* (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.), by Averil Demuth, should prove an ideal story to give this Christmas to a boy or girl round about eight or nine years of age.

Almost a Fairy Detective-Story

It is a Swiss story, and the scene is laid in a lovely little Swiss village buried in the heart of the mountains. The chief characters are boys and girls, their companions a bear and a dog who, like all

animal pets in childhood, have their own way of speaking, and it sounds like real talk—and perhaps is! Moreover, there are two lovely villains—one a witch. And an equally villainous fox who is their second-in-command. And one by one the children are kidnapped, imprisoned in a lonely castle, which has a back-door leading to a passage on the other side of the valley, and towards the end a spell is cast upon them until they look like stuffed effigies, including Mr. Trog, the friendly bear, who accompanied them in all their adventures and, at the end, retired into private life, gave the most lovely children's parties.

However, at one time all seemed lost indeed. But who is this young detective who manages to find the secret entrance to the castle, and eventually discovers how to "un-spell" the spellbound? It is young Lisel, the little girl who, with Max, her companion, starts all the trouble by telling the villain just where he got off. Hers is no easy job, however. Nobody helps her, except a dog. And the children's parents down in the village seem more vexed than troubled when their offspring mysteriously disappear! But grown-up troubles are not children's troubles, of course. Lisel is only interested in her rescue work. A valiant little girl, coming to the succour of brave-hearts! But will she succeed? Will the villain's contemplated torture begin its evil work before she has found the trap-door leading to the prison, and discovered the formula which will actually take the stuffing out of her loved companions and restore to them their properly working lives and "lights"?

It is all terribly exciting and, of course, a happy ending is enjoyed by all. But what suspense! What threatening disaster! No wonder Mr. Compton Mackenzie writes, in a kind of foreword: "I declare, with a full sense of responsibility, that *The House in the Mountains* is an exciting tale, that the magic of the author is even more powerful than the spells of her sorcerer and

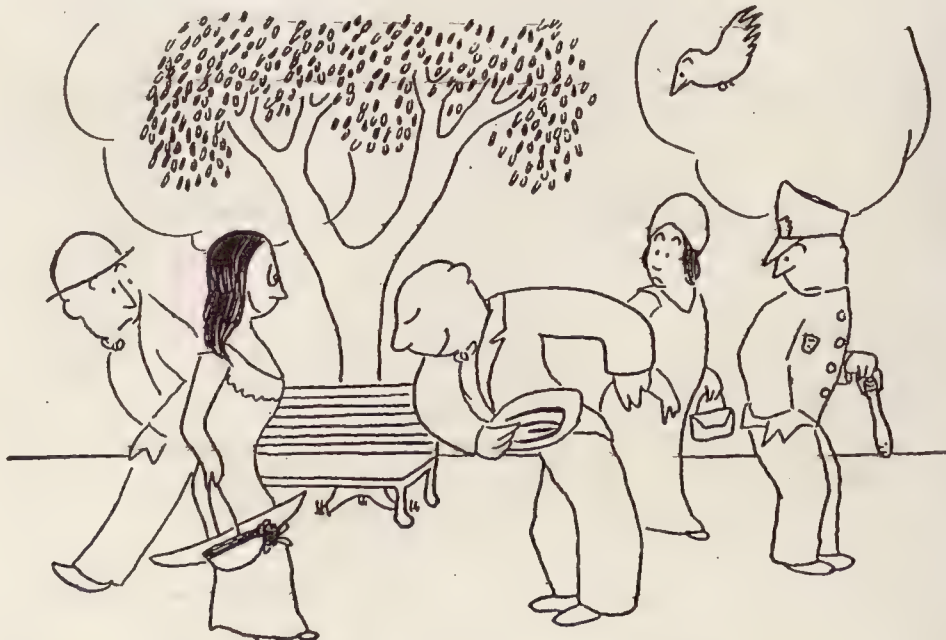
(Concluded on page 522)

James Thurber Makes Game of Poets and Fables



The Lion Who Wanted to Zoom

There was once a lion who coveted an eagle's wings.
So he sent a message to the eagle asking him to call . . .



"Oh, When I Was . . ." By A. E. Housman

Oh, when I was in love with you,
Then I was clean and brave,

And miles around the wonder grew
How well I did behave

Just in time for a Christmas present came James Thurber's new book *Fables for Our Time* (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.). The American humorist and joke artist has written his own fabulous stories, absurd, penetrating and witty, as well as illustrating them. And he has put pictures to several poets' poems—Longfellow's "Excelsior," Scott's "Lochinvar," Tennyson's "Locksley Hall" are among them



Impressions from Nottingham and Cheltenham: By "The Tout"

Captain Johnny Hislop, leading G.R. in peacetime, was keeping his eye in at Nottingham. He used to be Captain Victor Gilpin's right-hand man at Michel Grove. Major Sir Ulick Alexander, Keeper of the Privy Purse, looked pleased when the King's Merry Wanderer won. Mr. John Persse helps his father to saddle Stockbridge winners, of which the stable picked up many in a difficult season, Hyacinthus being one of the chief contributors among two-year-olds. Mr. E. T. S. Johnson,

owner and trainer of Galway Bay, is also the best golfer among trainers. Lord Bicester, chief patron of George Beeby's Compton stable, has won most big jumping prizes except the National. Morse Code won a Cheltenham Gold Cup for Captain Jack Bridges a few years back. Brave Nic, though not in the same class, has done the stable some good turns this year. Captain Bridges, who is Master of the West Somerset, lives at Croydon Hall, close to Dunster Castle; home of his sister, Mrs. Lutterell

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

witch, and that children will enjoy this adventurous winter in Switzerland with Mr. Trog the Bear."

Dean Inge Pronounces

ONE disturbing factor the war has brought home to some of us, and it has nothing whatever to do with air raids, financial losses, devastation in the heart. It is the awful mental aloneness of those who, thinking, try hard to discover a ray of light by which to lighten the bewilderment and doubt infesting the mind. The rhyme, the reason, the directing finger, which would explain the present, illuminate the future, give us once more mental balance, and make us feel that somehow or other, in the midst of this crash of hope and civilisation, our feet, however slippery and hard the way, are turned towards the higher plane of humanity's endeavour.

You can so rarely talk of these things out loud. You are dubbed a pessimist if you take too gloomy a view. You seek vainly to be an optimist without, so to speak, having anything definitely optimistic to hang on to. Briefly, you flounder, searching desperately for a foothold. And there is no one to help you, since the more you think the more you flounder.

Therefore I, for one, welcomed this book which Dean Inge has just written: *The Fall of the Idols* (Putnam; 8s. 6d.). I felt that here at last I should find either an echo of my own inner thoughts, or guidance towards a new mental perspective. And I was not disappointed. Only one word of advice would I give to those who also wish to read this thought-compelling book: it is to digest first of all the chapter entitled "Religion" (even though you read it over again in its proper context), since it will illuminate so much which, in the beginning, appears to be a picture of destruction—though of necessary destruction, let me add.

Fallen Idols

DEAN INGE describes the falling, or already fallen, idols as "shaking on their pedestals or lying prostrate at the foot of them." And the idols are the idols of Progress, Democracy, Economism, and certain aspects of humanism. In what he describes as the "co-operative suicide" of modern civilisation he can see only one ray of hope—that of a finer form of humanism, a greater liberty of human action, a clearer and more outspoken love of truth, and a Christianity—boiled down, so to speak, to its vital essentials and robbed of all those splitting of hairs, that arrant dogmatism, that conventionalism which, for too many generations, has obscured its true essence, and turned the kingdom of all humanity into a series of warring, narrow-minded, truly ignorant little states.

The old idols, therefore, must in future stand before the "sceptical and impatient" judgment of the young and justify their existence in practical, and not theoretical ways. All else but the permanent values of true religion and tolerant thought will be destroyed willy-nilly, though the elderly and conventional may believe at the same time, that everything they worship has been outraged. "Platonism, in its fundamental principles, never died. In its Christianised form it still lives, and needs only to be accepted as the faith of the nation for most of our social maladies to be secured." This, then, is the key to that future hope which the fall of so many once blindly worshipped idols appears to the unthinking to destroy. Christianised Platonism, in brief.

Most interesting is the chapter in which Dean Inge traces the evolution of his own religious convictions, and the two which relate to humanism and religion are valuable contributions towards the steadying influences of clear-thinking which, in our present bewilderment, most people find it so difficult to lay hold on.

Above all, we must realise that in the modern generation we are dealing almost with a new species of thought and outlook. The Victorian principles and prejudices and even the Victorian proverbs have ceased to count.

A new outlook is revealed, and very few elderly people will be able to understand it. But it must be understood and appreciated if elderly people are to

envisage a post-war world—which they will have to envisage—in which they are learners, rather than teachers, and in which a new set of values will have supplanted those pleasures and ideals which, by their upbringing, they have been taught to revere and, by association, to enjoy.

Altogether, *The Fall of the Idols* is the kind of book for which many people have been waiting, since, so to speak, it takes them through the country of their own present bewilderment and shows them where, in spite of all their protestation and dislike, they may find a mental foothold on the unmapped mountains of the strange, untraditional future.

Two Stories to Amuse

IT is nice to come across two stories which are both amusing, as well as uncommon. *Alf's New Button* (Jenkins; 7s. 6d.) is, so to speak, another bright button of the already famous "Alf's," but Mr. W. A. Darlington hasn't repeated his still popular joke, except that the magic button is once more the prelude to new and extravagant adventures, and these are just as funny as the old ones ever were.

Alf Higgins, however, is now a happily married man, a fond parent, and a green-grocer. Bill Grant, his "feed," so to speak, is now penniless, but as humorously dismal and argumentative as ever. And once again the magic button comes into their possession, with the most surprising results; but the most astonishing of all is when Annie, Alf's daughter, unaware of the button's magic, wishes she were Anette Armitage, the famous film star. Which, of course, she immediately becomes, and is almost immediately abducted by the Khan of Wadistan. Thereafter, in hot pursuit, follow Sergeant Jack Marshall, who loves her, and Alf and Bill, a couple of well-meaning, but bungling, sleuths. It is all horseplay, but as lively and as funny as the strange adventures of Alf's first button ever were. It should have the same success.

So should Mr. John Gloag's further adventures of his hero, Mr. Lionel Buckby, in *Unwilling Adventures* (Cassell; 8s.). Poor man, he falls foul of the Gestapo in his travels through Germany and America before and after the declaration of war, and, what with one thing and another, nothing will persuade the Germans that he is not England's most notorious secret agent. In Hollywood, he obtains further notoriety by being to them the only civilised man in existence who has never seen a film! Returning homeward, he is for a time imprisoned on a U-boat, and in the most innocent fashion he renders such services to Britain that, once more back in England—and no one is more astonished than he is!—he is awarded the C.B. It is all the grandest fun, and it is written with a zest which carries everything before it. If you want entertainment, which really and truly entertains, here is just the book to brighten the blackest black-out.



"Private and Official"

Lady Waterhouse, formerly Miss Nourah Chard, only daughter of the late Mr. H. Athelstan Chard, of Clevedon, Somerset, who married Lieut.-Colonel Sir Ronald Waterhouse, late 6th Dragoon Guards, in 1928, has written a biography entitled "Private and Official," unexpectedly postponed on the eve of publication. Lady Waterhouse was Private Secretary to the Queen when Duchess of York, and was also at one time secretary to Lady Baldwin. Sir Ronald was Private Secretary and Equerry to the King when Duke of York and Principal Private Secretary to the Prime Minister from 1922-1928

The Blitz Ball

A Cheerful Charity Dance In Aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital

The Blitz Ball, first big evening event for charity for months, was held in the underground ball-room at Grosvenor House. Over six hundred people bought or had bought for them tickets in aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital, of which Lady Howard de Walden is president



Lady Hamond-Graeme, chairman of the Blitz Ball, had Mr. Sidney Waterson, New Zealand High Commissioner, and Lady Franckenstein in her party



Miss Vivien Mosley, niece of Baroness Ravensdale, who was one of the hostesses at the Ball, pulled a cracker with Archduke Robert of Austria



Left: Mr. Charles Harding and Lady Elizabeth Isaacs look at the Christmas - tree decorations

The foursome on the right are Mrs. Ernest Simpson, Wing-Commander Bennett, Lady Stanley of Alderley, and Mr. Ernest Simpson



Lady George Cholmondeley took a big and gay lot of young people, of which the masculine half was made up of young Canadians of all three Services



The Hon. Mrs. James Lindsay, one of Lord and Lady Howard de Walden's five daughters, was in a party with Mrs. Alaric Russell, Mr. Nigel Davis, and Mr. Allen Francis



Two more of Lady Howard de Walden's daughters, Countess Orloff-Davidoff and the Hon. Rosemary Scott-Ellis, were in the same party as their sister, Mrs. Lindsay. Here they are with Mr. David Dimsdale, Mr. Paul Alston, Mrs. Alaric Russell, Mr. C. Max-Muller



Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

"We'll Keep Our Christmas Merry Still!"

AND we keep it in spite of the fact that peace on earth is hardly perceptible, and goodwill towards men only remarkable by reason of its almost complete absence in nine-tenths of this globe. Yet this season will always be the same as it has been for close upon two thousand years and as it will be at the end of the next two thousand. Naught has, nor shall, us dismay; whatever the Pagan may contrive. Weihnachts can mean nothing at all in Hitler's Germany now given over to the worship of Thor. Even in the times before Hitler it never meant as much as Neues Jahr. Even in supposedly civilised Italy it is doubtful whether the festival of Buon Natale has any significance at all outside the Vatican City, for a people, so misguided as to permit itself to be led to destruction by a mountebank like the Bull-frog of the Pontine Marshes, cannot now be left with much mind of its own. Neither of the persons responsible for setting the whole world ablaze can see beyond the tips of their unlovely noses and cannot perceive what is going forward upon the chequer-board of nights and days. The mouths of many far greater and quite as conceited as they are now stopt with dust and their words to scorn are scattered.

Sursum Corda

"HE [Sir John Anderson] was Secretary to the Ministry of Shipping throughout the last war. We had our very anxious times then, but we never doubted that a complete answer would be found to the varied methods of attack adopted by a resourceful enemy."

That "anxious" period was 1917. The German Fleet had been defeated at Jutland in May-June 1916, but it had not been eliminated. Relatively, its submarine strength was greater than it is to-day, and there was always the risk that the undestroyed surface force, which was still formidable, might break away. In any case,

our fleet had to be on sentry-go to see that it did not. Certain units of our fleets still are "contained" by such duties, but it is not possible to compare the battered Italian Fleet of to-day with that bottled German fleet of 1917. That was a formidable force led by brave and very able seamen. The Italian fleet is not so led. In 1917 this country had to tighten its belt very severely: it may yet have to draw in that belt a hole or two, but the two situations are not comparable. Therefore, do not get het up: there is no just cause. And there is this further: how far may not the Libyan victory carry us?

Sein Kampf

IT is always prudent to believe that there may be a substratum of sense in what may sound to us like the ravings of a maniac. There is only one man who has been in control of the destinies of our land, who has had the prudence to take the author of *Mein Kampf* seriously. The present Prime Minister, day in and day out some years before he returned to Cabinet office, warned us of what was brewing in the German witches' cauldron. Not one of those who ought to have listened with both ears cocked believed him. He was even called a scaremonger, and assured that, if only we were kind to Germany and smoothed the feathers which Versailles had so badly ruffled, she would come to hand and be one of our most charming acquaintances. The sketch-map in *Mein Kampf* was treated with an indulgent smile by the over-confiding Palinurus of those times and by his successors. I will recall, purely as a matter of collateral interest, that the captain of Æneas' ship came to an unhappy end: he fell into the sea and was murdered by the Lucanian natives, who were a brave and very warlike race. Anyway, let it suffice to say that Palinurus was not a very good pilot. Obviously, like the pilots who so strongly resemble him, he had no imagination and his end was bloody. The man who



A meet was held at Killinghurst Park, the home of Mrs. Barlow, Master of the Chiddingfold Foxhounds. She is seen with Mr. F. Knowles, of Pincotes, Dunsfold, secretary of the Hunt since 1929. The pack was formed in 1863, and hunts in Surrey and Sussex over a good deal of plough and woodland

did believe that there might be something in *Mein Kampf*, and who scouted all suggestions that Germany would ever develop a fondness for the primrose path of peace, is now, thank Heaven, at the helm.

Have Another Look

RE-READ *Mein Kampf*, and preferably do it in the original German, and then take a look at the map of Europe as it has been altered. Mr. Churchill believed that the French Military Intelligence of those times when "appeasement" and "disarmament" were all the cry, was first class—and again he was one of the few who did, a voice crying in a wilderness of crass dunderheadedness. In only one particular has he permitted himself to be deceived. He believed that the French Army was the finest in Europe. There is an old racing saw to the effect that it is not enough to think that "he wins upon paper." He must win upon turf before you can put your shirt on him. Everything in *Mein Kampf* bar one has come to pass. That one thing



Opening the new Mess: Major M. H. F. Last (Mess President) has a chat with Lieut.-Colonel G. E. Whittall (Commanding Officer), and Major R. H. Doyne



The engagement is announced between Miss Hope Sykes and Captain G. P. Eliot, who are seen with Major J. J. Neville and Captain A. Clerke-Brown

never will come true, and if the author were not fighting-drunk he would realise this fact and have a hard look at the cards he now has in his hand—which, in fact, are pretty good ones.

N.Z.'s New H.E.

THE Governor-General-elect Marshal of the Air Force Sir Cyril Newall is the first officer from the Junior Service which New Zealand has had sent to her, and H.E. will worthily sustain the great tradition set up in recent years by his distinguished predecessors. The list of them is as interesting as it is diversified: the Navy (Admiral of the Fleet Lord Jellicoe), 1920-24; the Army (General Sir Charles Fergusson, Grenadier Guards), 1924-30; Agriculture (Lord Bledisloe), 1930-35; the Army (Lieut.-Colonel Lord Galway, Life Guards), 1935-40. It is therefore fitting that the third of the great fighting services should be represented and especially so at such a moment as this, when the R.A.F. is doing so much to ensure the continued existence of an Empire which our enemies imagined would be easy meat since it was bereft of all its foreign allies who, one after another, have gone down before the scythe of the aggressor. His own service and everyone else will unite in wishing his Excellency God-speed, a good line and a lead with the luck of each fence where it's low!

An Escapist

HE was very yellow, which may or may not have been his fault, for you are either bred that way or you are not. Anyway, he said to a wily friend, who used to do his racing commissions for him, that he simply could not stand any more bombs or bombardments. "Sure!" said the obliging friend. "You meet me at the docks on next Wednesday with two hundred quid ready and two days' cooked rations, and I will get you stowed away. At the end of the two days you emerge and tell the captain and all will be right as rain!"

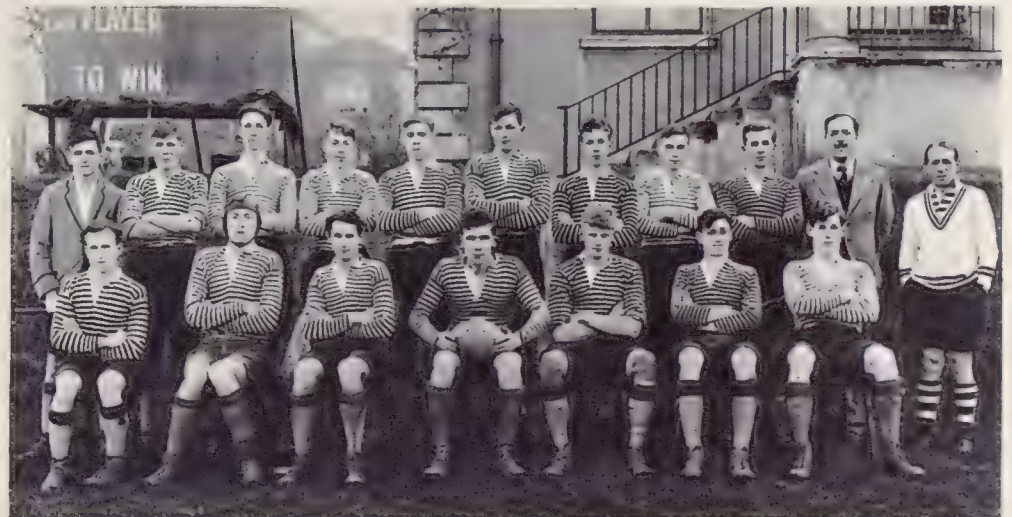
Everything apparently went according to plan, and the stowaway came up on deck and saw a man in what looked like a captain's uniform. He went up to him and said, "Are you the captain?" "Not blanky likely!" said the man. "'E's on the sanguinary bridge!" So up went the stowaway and made himself known, according to orders. The captain said, "You darned ape! This is the Woolwich ferry!"



Stuart

Public Schools Rugger: Marlborough beat Clifton

Marlborough: the fifteen who beat Clifton by 16 points to 9 (standing): D. Mann, J. H. Loch, J. D. Anderson, E. R. Naves, J. D. Bickersteth, A. M. A. Denny, M. H. A. T. Bayon, J. W. Sewell, D. M. Owen-Edwards; (sitting) G. E. S. Woodhouse, A. C. Parry, W. C. T. MacFetridge, R. C. Thompson (captain), H. C. Wallace, W. H. Davies, C. C. Gough. The Marlborough XV. have only been beaten by Sherborne



Stuart

Clifton (left to right, standing): touch judge W. L. Malcolmson, J. Robertson, A. W. Gwatkin, B. F. Webster, D. C. Jenkins, D. J. Edwards, T. A. Parsons, W. T. A. Richards, W. J. H. Cooper, W. F. H. Jones, S. H. Budd (referee); (sitting) T. J. O. Hickey, D. V. Storrs, J. H. Rudman, C. P. Lewis-Smith (captain), M. K. H. Crawford, G. H. Addenbrooke, N. Gibbs. Clifton have beaten Canford and Cheltenham, but have lost to Wellington and now Marlborough



A drink between dances: Captain J. B. Rahr, Captain E. "Chalky" White, and Mrs. J. N. D. Anderson drank a cocktail together at this very cheerful party



The party and dance, where these pictures were taken, was given to celebrate the opening of the new Officers' Mess of a famous regiment. Amongst those present were Mrs. James Neville, Major Long, and Miss F. Ogilvie

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Subbing Season

IT would be mad, and criminally mad, to seize the decision to enlarge the Coastal Command and to extend its responsibilities and to make that decision the basis of a fresh Navy-Army-Air Force controversy. Those controversies are very pleasant in time of peace. They do a lot to liven things up, and the spectacle of eminent officers going off the deep-end in rapid succession is always elevating to their subordinates.

But in time of war there must be no Service controversy. The Prime Minister, who is one of the few in high positions who have never failed to appreciate the importance of aviation, and who has a firmer grasp of world strategy than any other man living, has turned to the air for improving the protection of our shipping. That is how I interpret his remarks in the House of Commons the other day. And he has found that the most immediately practical way of increasing air action against submarines and such-like is to enlarge the Coastal Command.

For myself, I have such implicit faith in the Prime Minister that, if he were to say to-day that he had found that it would be better to hand the Coastal Command over to the Navy, I would not demur. These things are seen in a different perspective now that we are in the middle of the fight.

Fleet Air Arm

RIVALRY between the three Services does no harm and may do good, when they are not desperately busy with other matters; but now it must be sunk, as the smaller rivalries of individuals are sunk, in the common cause. I do not think it matters a hang if the Air Force is divided up into two or three or twenty parts, if that is found to be the most efficient way of using it. And I confess that the Coastal Command has always had a salt-water flavour about it.

People who handle flying-boats that look like young destroyers and talk in knots are semi-sailors. On the other hand, people who use land-planes from land aerodromes and live on land—like some people in the Fleet Air Arm at the moment—are not sailors. In the extreme cases it is easy to draw the dividing line and to say: this is Naval and that is Air Force; but at the fringes difficulties occur.

The large flying-boat, designed for ocean reconnaissance, is certainly a naval machine. The land-plane which works from the land and mainly over the land is certainly an Air Force machine, unless it is specially devised for army co-operation. But there are the border-line cases, as the existence of the Royal Marines testifies. So we come back to what I have always believed to be the only

logical solution: and that is the single War Service under its own political and service heads, and embracing sea, land and air.

Amphibian

THE structure of the British Commonwealth, with its widely separated parts and its sea-air communications between them, demands that Britain should work especially in the sea and the air when it is waging war. Consequently, the closest collaboration between sea and air arms is essential; more essential with us than with land powers.

We must think in co-operative terms, between sea and land and air, all the time; and it follows that the logical War Service is one which embraces the three elements. The Navy wants its air arm, so does the Army. But there must also be the independent air arm for air attack and air defence. Without our fighters and our long-range bombers, we should have been in a bad way.

But I do think that all these problems can be discussed without re-starting bitter controversies. If they cannot be so discussed, it would be better to ask that all public reference to these organisational problems should cease. Anyhow, I am happy to think that the Coastal Command is to grow, and I am convinced that it will kill the submarine menace.

Publicists

IT has been pleasing lately to see that the Royal Air Force is now permitting its

officers to present their views in the public Press. I gather that some of these officers are to go farther, and to give commentaries on certain new films being prepared.

The method must be used with discretion if the officers themselves are to be protected from the unpleasant misrepresentations which occasionally result, and which are very hard to counter. At first the statements of these officers will be received with respect and understanding; but it is the nature of democracies to get critical—it is, in fact, the source of their strength. And so, after a bit, there will be criticism.

Then we shall have officers in the Service arguing with those outside it, and that is not a satisfactory position. So great watchfulness and discretion will be necessary in using these serving officers as publicists.

Photography

ROYAL AIR FORCE photographic methods were proved to be extraordinarily good by the issue to the newspapers the other day of the Kiel pictures. The Germans have the reputation of being the finest photographers in the world, or at any rate the finest constructors of cameras and photographic equipment. But these R.A.F. pictures are better than anything the Germans have produced, and they were taken, let it be remembered, of the most hotly defended spot in the whole of Germany.

Some of the details which I learned when I was down at the Air Ministry the other day of our photographic equipment made me realise what enormous strides we have made. I believe that it has been established, for instance, that our lenses, things which the Germans were supposed to be able to make better than anybody else, are now superior to theirs. This view is not simply bombast, it is established, and can be checked by inspection and comparative tests of lenses in our machines and those in German machines. Altogether, I think we can take some pride in the way our air-photography has been developed.



The Officers of a Technical Training School of the R.A.F.

Stuart

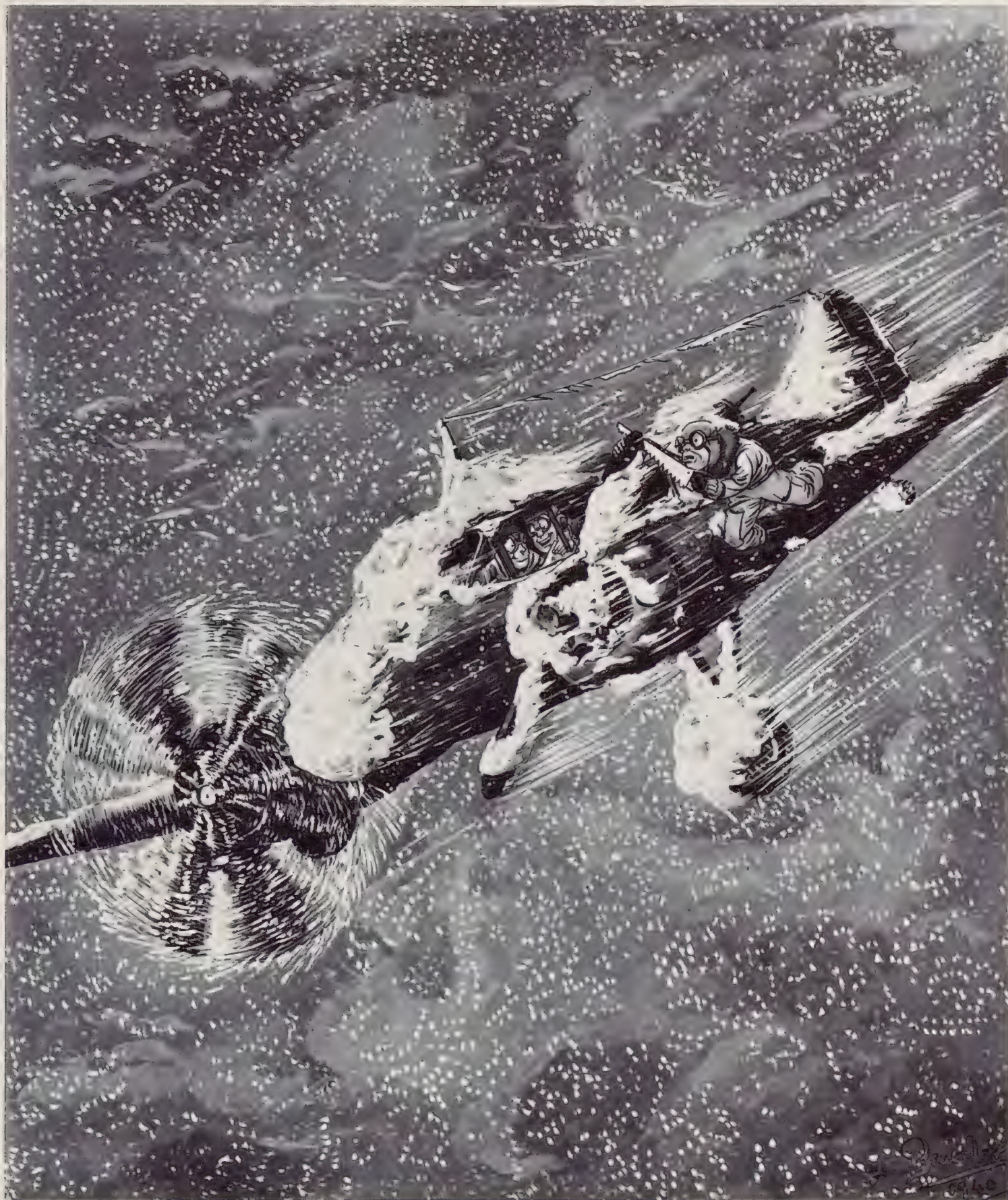
Back row: P/O. A. R. Hewitt, P/O. W. F. Fox, F/Lt. C. P. Franklin, D.S.O., P/O. B. A. Van Zwanenberg, F/O. L. M. Bouillard, P/O. W. H. Crook, P/O. S. H. Smiles, F/Lt. E. Liddiard, P/O. C. F. Newman, P/O. J. Mercer, P/O. W. G. Phillips, F/Lt. G. Andrews, M.C., F/O. W. Sutcliffe, P/O. J. A. H. Hortin, F/Lt. A. C. Fraser, P/O. J. E. B. Simeon, F/O. G. A. Weston, D.C.M., F/O. A. G. Bracey, F/O. S. W. Beese, S/Ldr. B. Hobson, P/O. J. E. Heriot, F/Lt. J. R. Hughes

Third row: A/S/O. A. E. Wilson, F/O. G. E. P. Kelly, F/O. J. Graham, F/O. C. F. Clarke, F/Lt. W. B. Wilson, F/Lt. M. Sydney-Smith, Station Adjutant, P/O. F. Smith, M.B.E., F/Lt. R. M. Montgomery, P/O. A. J. Ellis, F/Lt. L. J. Anderson, A/S/O. J. W. Thomas

Second row: F/O. (Miss) K. E. Byrt, A/S/O. J. E. Poyser, A/S/O. W. A. Fane, S/Ldr. J. B. McKay, S/Ldr. W. Wheatley, F/Lt. P. H. James, S/Ldr. A. W. Hopkins, S/Ldr. H. A. Graham, S/Ldr. C. V. Browne-Wilkinson, P/O. W. T. Duffley, A/S/O. S. T. Taylor, A/S/O. G. A. Allbrook

Front row: S/Ldr. R. B. Cleaver, S/Ldr. R. H. More, C.M.G., C.B.E., S/Ldr. G. E. Litton, W./Cdr. R. M. Thomas, W./Cdr. W. E. Barnes, S.M.O. W./Cdr. J. M. Glaisher, G./Capt. R. E. G. Fulljames, M.C., Officer Commanding Station, W./Cdr. R. H. Haworth-Booth, D.F.C., W./Cdr. W. R. Westcombe, S/Ldr. P. H. Margand, F/Lt. O. M. Thomson, S/Ldr. P. H. Knowles

Coastal Command Christmas Courtesy



"Signal from the C.-in-C. Wishing Us a Happy Christmas": By Wing Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

A seasonable picture indeed! Here is an Anson of the Coastal Command out on reconnaissance on Christmas Day. One engine is frozen and a member of the crew is out on the wing sawing icicles off the propeller. The port landing-wheel having slipped down, landing will be awkward. The small mast above the cockpit is the aerial mast, and the frozen aerial runs to the top of the "fin," which must not be called the rudder. These Ansons have done grand work patrolling the seas, escorting convoys and bombing enemy ports. They're tough—they have to be

Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

THE commanding officer of a bomber squadron was anxiously awaiting the return of his aircraft from an important bombing flight over Germany. All came back safely at last.

Approaching the last man in, he said: "Everything all right?"

"No, sir," answered the sergeant-pilot concerned.

"I'm sorry to hear that," said the C.O. "What went wrong?"

"The coffee was cold, and the sandwiches were very hard, sir," answered the pilot.

A COFFEE salesman was travelling through the South, and as he waited for a train in a small town he chatted with a lazy-looking negro idling on a seat at the station.

"Ever drink coffee?" he inquired, with an eye to stirring up interest in his line. The negro admitted he drank a lot of coffee. Fifty cups a day, he asserted.

"Fifty cups a day? Doesn't it keep you awake?" inquired the salesman.

"Well, it helps!" answered the negro.

THE distinguished guest at an old-time Mayor's banquet in the East End complained to the Mayor when they adjourned to the bar that he had lost his gold watch during the evening.

"Let me see," said the Mayor. "You were sitting next to a cross-eyed fellow with a quiff? Mr. Councilor—over there?"

"Why, yes, I think I was," said the guest.

The Mayor drifted away up the bar into the thick of the crowd. On his return in about a minute and a half he showed his guest a gold watch, and sure enough it was the missing time-keeper.

"But what on earth did he say?" asked the guest.

"Oh," said the Mayor, "he doesn't know yet that I've got it!"

THE local angling club arranged an all-night fishing contest. While waiting for the match to begin, they visited the village inn.

At closing-time they all took up their tackle and moved off with dignity, if somewhat unsteadily, through the darkness to the bridge selected.

Seating themselves in comfort, they cast their lines over the parapet, and fished steadily till the grey dawn was breaking.

Then, with a roar, the first down train passed under the bridge.



"Good morning. Is the Vet. in?"

ONE from America:

Mickey the Weasel had just been released from prison after a four-year stretch. As he walked down the street in his old neighbourhood, the first person he met was Mr. Giblo. Said Mr. Giblo was the very detective who had sent him away.

It was in Mickey's mind to dash away at record speed. But before he could do so, Mr. Giblo draped an arm around his shoulders.

"Mickey, my boy," he asserted, "you needn't be afraid of me any longer. You've paid the penalty for your crime—so let's forget all about it in the future."

There was a highly sceptical look in Mickey's eyes as Mr. Giblo talked on.

"Yes, my lad," he continued, "what's over is over. You just made a little mistake, that's all. There's none of us perfect in this world. And I want you to know that we can all make a little mistake—just as you did."

Gratitude replaced the scepticism on Mickey's face. He grabbed Mr. Giblo's hand and shook it vigorously.

"Gee, Mr. Giblo!" he cried. "You're the swellest detective in the world. Instead of tellin' me I'm bad all the way through, like so many others would, you tell me I just made a little mistake. Thanks, Mr. Giblo—I'll never forget it."

About fifteen minutes later Detective Giblo's peaceful thoughts were rudely interrupted by a succession of shots. A fleeing pedestrian cried loudly that the corner restaurant was being held up. Mr. Giblo raced to the spot and dashed in to find two customers holding Mickey, a smoking pistol in his hand.

"What's this?" roared Mr. Giblo. "What's goin' on here?"

Mickey gazed at the floor. He saw three wounded customers and a moaning cashier. He hung his head.

"Mr. Giblo," he said bashfully, "some-thin' awful has happened! I just made another little mistake!"

THE air-raid warden was very conscientious and had had a rather tiring time inspecting shelters when a large man asked him in bullying tones: "What can I do with my five children in a shelter that's full of water?"

Suddenly the warden's patience gave out.

"Teach 'em to swim!" he snapped curtly.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements



Hutton—Spiller

Captain William Bacon Hutton, Durham Light Infantry, and son of the late E. W. Hutton, and Mrs. A. H. Habgood, of Calverton House, Stony Stratford, Bucks., and Bly Mildred Spiller, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claud Spiller, of Earley Lodge, Reading, Berks., were married at St. Peter's, Farley



Stewart—Churchill

Captain Archibald Hugh Mailland Stewart, Liverpool Scottish, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, of Rhianwa, Blundellsands, and Primrose Churchill, younger daughter of Colonel and Mrs. A. P. Churchill, of Cornsland, Brentwood, Essex, were married at a regimental chapel somewhere in England



Logan—Wollaston

Douglas William Logan, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, son of Robert Logan, of Memphis, Tennessee, U.S.A., and Mrs. Logan, of Broad Green, Liverpool, and Vaire Olive Wollaston, younger daughter of Sir Gerald Wollaston, Garter King of Arms, and Lady Wollaston, of Glen Hill, Walmer, Kent, were married at St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, Queen Victoria St.



Speight

Lieut. Smythe and Diana Neal

Lieut. Patrick Montmorency Smythe, R.A.M.C., son of Dr. Smythe of South Africa, and Diana Neal, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Neal, of the Priory House, King's Langley, Herts., are engaged. Miss Neal was presented at Court just before the beginning of the war



Fayer

Betty Travis and Lt. A. S. Allen

Betty Travis is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Travis, of Burners, Pirbright, Surrey. Her fiancé, Lieut. Arthur Sandeman-Allen, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Sandeman-Allen, now at Hollies, Guildford, Surrey



Catherine Bell

Angela Clarke and Capt. Adams

A recent engagement is that of Captain Arnold Carnac Hood Adams, Royal Scots Fusiliers, only son of Captain J. B. Adams, R.N., and Mrs. Adams, and Angela Mary Clarke, youngest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. R. G. Clarke, of Barham House, Barham, Canterbury



Harlip

Rachel Grotrian

Rachel Grotrian is to marry Sub-Lieut. Michael Humphrey Wilkins, R.N.V.R., only son of the late Commander C. E. Wilkins, R.N., and Mrs. Wilkins, of Lammas, Cowes, I.O.W. She is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. H. H. Grotrian, of North Stainley Hall, Ripon, Yorks.



Bassano

Mollie Brazier

Mollie Brazier, elder daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. C. C. H. Brazier, of Proctors, Southfleet, Kent, has announced her engagement to Edward Felix Mason, elder son of the late Eustace Mason, and Mrs. Mason, of the Red House, Hasketon, Woodbridge, Suffolk



Catherine Bell

Julia Jean Bald

Julia Jean Bald, daughter of Captain G. R. Bald, R.N., of Manor Lodge, Blackwater, Hants., is engaged to Lt.-Col. Frank William Vogel, O.B.E., R.A., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Vogel, of 1, Wetherby Garden, S.W.5

(Concluded on page 536)

The "Tatler and Bystander" Short Story

"The Man Who Loved Beauty"

By Harold A. Albert

Illustrated by Jardine

IF Leon Diaz, Hollywood's leading photographer of beautiful women, hadn't started his career by carving ugly, fat little men out of tallow, I shouldn't be telling this story. And if I hadn't learned something about human nature from Leon, perhaps there wouldn't be a story to tell.

They say you meet all types in Hollywood, but, of course, actors are small stuff. The people who matter are the men who create film stars out of unglamorous human clay, the directors and technicians. That was why, when I found myself out there as a journalist, I began to specialise in getting interviews in this quarter, and once I set myself on that tack, Leon Diaz came up automatically.

His name may have been a trick one, and his camera was sheer hocus-pocus, but no one knew better than he the illusions of lighting and shadow. I know a girl with a face like a pudding who became world-famous because he knew how to lessen what he called the "breadth of her features." Merely by tilting a woman's head, he could fling it into enchantment. When the Planet Studios had that terrible explosion some years ago and the careers of at least three stars with expensive, long-term contracts seemed doomed and finished, it was Diaz—although he specialised in "stills"—who gained the credit for showing the camera-men how to conceal the irreparable scars.

Once you met the man, you always remembered him. His gaze had a queer raptness, as if he were perpetually remembering all the beauty in all the world. He seemed to look through you as if he hardly saw you, and he made much of secretaries and assistants, and amid their activities sat still and bland as a Buddha.

"I believe your father was a bull-fighter," I shot at him as a leading question when he first gave me an interview.

I shan't forget to this day how he closed his eyes as if in distaste, while from the picture-hung walls so many beautiful women stared down.

"My father was a butcher," he said. "He carved up the bulls when they came tailless from the ring. He had never entered a bull-ring in his life, or seen a fight, because he could not bear to watch the beasts take the coup. Only a cruel man could have had such refinement, and my father was cruel. . . ."

"He used to lock me in the tallow sheds simply because he knew how violently the tang of the stuff affected me. But for me, you see, he would never have married my mother, Rosita, and she would never have run off with a lover and made him a laughing-stock, and he hated me. You will know, once you have travelled in Mexico, how fiercely unnatural such passions can be. He gained some awful, sadistic satisfaction from shutting me in that sour, foetid gloom, and I wept terribly at first, and yet I grew used to it. I so far overcame my repulsion as

to take the tallow in my fingers, and play with it, and but for that I shouldn't be here.

"I used to mould the stray fragments from the steamers into little figures, birds and animals and people I knew. One day my father caught me at it. I shall never forget his anger at finding I could contrive to amuse myself in these punishment hours. Till long after sundown that night he kept me at the most hideous tasks in the shop, and when he went off to his cronies, I think he must have shown them my figures. At least, the next morning, he took me along to Miguel El Franchez, the ash-tray maker.



"All my work fell far short of my vision"

"I do not know if you know Tia Juana?" Diaz suddenly questioned, and I nodded.

All this was beyond my wildest hopes. He was calmly shattering the elaborate publicity build-up of the studios. He was volatile, I judged, and in a talkative mood, and he was telling me the unpublished truth. Yes, I knew Tia Juana. It lay behind the iron gates that marked the end of 'democratic America' at the Mexican border: a few muddy streets with drinking booths, and a lonely plaza grouped with colourful stalls, of Mexican hats and Mexican shoes, ash-trays and postcards and souvenirs for the American tourists.

"Miguel kept a stall on the square," said Diaz. "He sold pottery and china, fruit plates and trinkets. Much of the stuff used to come down from San Francisco and then be stamped 'Mexico City.' He was making his fortune in a shrewd, slow sort of way.

"I had to go to him to talk of my figures. But certainly, I told him, if I could fashion them in tallow I could make them in clay. I made one and painted it—a little lean Don Quixote, and presently he sold it. He asked me for another, and laughed at me, and told me to remember he wanted fat men as well as thin.

"It was all wonderful for me, you realise. I no longer endured the smell of the tallow shed. I sat in Miguel's store-house, with my feet firm on the unslippery floor, and with the sunlight shafting in through the windows, and all day long I busied myself with my paint-box. Fat little men with large stomachs—so!—and lean, bent peasants with packs on their backs.

"Miguel paid my father, but I think he must presently have struck a better bargain, for he asked me to bring my extra trousers and live with him. I thought that was still nearer Heaven, but Paradise has its flaws."

He closed his eyes suddenly, with that trick of his.

"Do you know what went wrong?"

How could I tell?

"I grew tired of my ugly little figures," he continued. "One day I saw a girl at Miguel's stall on the plaza, olive-skinned and dark-eyed, and I wanted forthwith to capture her beauty in my primitive clay.

"I turned out a few figures to satisfy Miguel, hastily, and then set to work on my dream. You must believe me when I say that I toiled all through the day. I fashioned little figures till my fingers ached and I had no clay, and I went to the river's bank for more, but all my work fell far short of my vision. You know how it is. I have heard many times, talking with creative artists, how a veil seem to fall between their first vivid image and the finished achievement.

"Two days later Miguel asked for more figures, and I had none. I had discarded and destroyed my first insensitive efforts, for I wished to reward him for his kindness with a finished work of absolute perfection. I told him I was experimenting with a new line, and he was dubious. He looked grim, but he permitted me to continue. By now, it was true, I had contrived to make a little image very near my ideal, but I wished to make another more perfect still.

"Alas! after the heating the head cracked and fell away—it often happened so—and I had to begin all over again. This time I

was more fortunate. I handled the little creature very tenderly as with my paint-brush I brought her from pale death to fresh life. She was lovely beyond my belief. Something greater than I, it seemed, had brought this work into being. Then I took her to Miguel, saying I had something for a rich man to buy.

"The eyes popped out of his head. Ah! but he was angry, demanding if this was all I had spent my time on for the past three days.

"But she is beautiful," I tried to tell him.

"Beauty!" he cried. "I employ you to make eccentricities. Nobody in this world wants beauty," and he dashed my figure violently against the sun-baked soil, where it lay in seven pieces.

"He kicked me aside when I tried to collect them. All that night I had to sit up to make more ugly little men to replenish his stall. One more slip, he threatened, and he would send me back to my father. For months I worked like that, in despair. . . ."

"Then, one bright day, I saw people running past the window, and I felt the electric excitement in the air. Something was happening in the town, and I dashed out myself to see what it was. Pedro, in the charcoal store next door, said that Lisa Ventura had come to Tia Juana.

(Concluded on page 532)



Chapter heading to "Going the Rounds": Part I, "Winter"

"Under the Greenwood Tree"

Four of Claire Leighton's Wood Engravings from the Centenary Edition of Thomas Hardy's Novel

(Macmillan: 12'6)



"And then came a series of several happy days, of the same undisturbed serenity. Dick could court her wherever he chose . . ."



"Fancy was stationary upstairs, receiving her layers of clothes and adornments"

Clare Leighton is not only "one of the finest of contemporary wood engravers," but an artist with a profound love for and understanding of the English countryside. Her illustrations for "Under the Greenwood Tree" include some perfect examples of her work, particularly among the head and tail pieces where she miraculously contrives to create a whole Wessex landscape in a few inches of space. This fine new edition of Thomas Hardy's story of the Mellstock Quire has just been published by Macmillan as a commemoration of Hardy's birth in 1840



Chapter heading to "Into Temptation": Part IV, "Autumn"

Way of the War

(Continued from page 503)

than he desired. I suspect that Sir Stafford is deliberately staying at home, and will seek no further interviews with the Soviet Government. The time may come when M. Molotov may himself desire to discuss matters with Sir Stafford, and when that moment arrives there may be a better chance of the conversation proving fruitful.

For now nearly two months there has been reposing in the Kremlin a lengthy memorandum from the British Government setting out our views on the directions in which limited collaboration between the British Empire and Russia might be developed. So far the Soviet Foreign Commissar has not made time to send for the British Ambassador to discuss these projects. From the British point of view there is no hurry. But as Russo-German trade seems to be passing from bad to worse the possibility of a practical discussion on the British proposals may make a growing appeal to the Kremlin.

Meantime it seems to be accepted that, during his visit to Berlin, M. Molotov gave away no more than was essential to preserve outwardly friendly relations between Russia and Germany. On every difficult subject raised by his hosts M. Molotov resorted to that familiar diplomatic device of "having no powers" and "being obliged to refer that matter back to my Government."

A Good Cause

A WAR comforts appeal for the men of the R.A.S.C. and R.A.O.C. has been launched by Mr. W. E. Rootes, President of the Society



An Interesting Japanese Marriage

Viscount Hisaakira Kano was married in London to Miss Sachiko Murauchi, the attractive daughter of a Japanese doctor living in England. She is holding one of the latest dolls dressed in A.T.S. uniform. Viscount Kano is the London manager of the Yokohama Specie Bank and vice-chairman of the Bank for International Settlements. He has lived in this country for many years.

The Man Who Loved Beauty

(Continued from page 528)

"You are younger than I, I think. Of course, you will have forgotten her. Beauty is nameless and beauty is brief, but at that time, I think, she was the most beautiful woman alive. She was called the Pearl of the Pictures. What will you? Motion pictures were young. The second-hand furriers who had made it their sideline scarce perceived what they had.

"Yet the mere name to me spelt loveliness enough, and I forgot Miguel and forgot my father, and dashed out to see what I could see. She was shopping in the square, and we all of us craned our necks. And I was disappointed at first. All I saw was a woman much older than I. Then she came nearer, and I refused to allow the crowd to sweep me aside, and her eyes fell on me, and I knew she was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen.

"All my thoughts of my clay figures died. Clay was sullen, but this beauty had life. I followed her. I could not tear myself away. I saw Miguel and I dashed aside. My heart was swelling with a mad impulse.

"I ran to the frontier gates, because I knew this was the certain way she would return. When the car came, and waited to pass, I crept beneath it. I held on for grim death.

"I was young, wiry like a monkey, but of course I could not stand it for very long. After a mile or two, I shouted and shrieked. They stopped the car and then I flung myself at her feet. I begged her to take me with her, to make me her slave.

"She laughed at me, and I saw her white

teeth. I grew desperate and flung myself down again, pretending to lie under the very wheels of the car. Do you know what she did then? She told the chauffeur to drive slowly on. Still I lay there, with set teeth, and she told me to get in, for I had been brave.

"I think all the way I must have sat staring at her like a dog. The colour in her cheeks, the iridescent gleam of her lips, the purple lustre above her eyes! I can see her now, and watch her smile, as she did when she promised I could act as her page.

"For three unforgettable weeks I lived in her home. They were my only hours of illusion. In my wild way, I was jealous of the other servants. I wanted to sleep at the threshold of her door, and they could do nothing with me, and so they permitted me. And then one morning—one morning I had learned my duties sufficiently well—and I was allowed to take her breakfast tray into her room. And as I set eyes on her I dropped the tray. . . .

"It was like looking at a pale tousled skeleton. The sallowness of her cheeks, the blotchy pores, the tired wrinkled pouches beneath the eyes. You see, I knew nothing of cosmetics. I had never heard of the ravages of the dawn. I could not understand even then. I only knew that the beauty that inspired me was proved to be false.

"Perhaps you know something of my subsequent history. I ran away. I left the tray lying on the floor, and the shattered china, and while I could hear her screams, I rushed with my own shattered heart into the street.

"I made my little figures again, and I sold them myself, down in Los Angeles. I saw her once, I remember, passing by in her car. She was radiant, and people waved their hands and laughed and cheered. I alone stood there, cold and remote.

"Then, you know, I saved enough money and

of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. It will be remembered that in the evacuation from Dunkirk great quantities of stores and comforts were lost. Now, with a second winter of war upon us, the men of the R.A.S.C. and R.A.O.C. will have one of the toughest jobs in the Army. You can make their task easier by helping them to enjoy what leisure time they may have with games, cards, footballs, wireless sets (dry batteries), books, woollen comforts, etc. Any contributions which are not on Army issue will be most welcome. Cheques should be made payable to "Army Transport Comforts' Fund," and sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Lieutenant-Colonel D. C. McLagan, 1a, Wilton Street, S.W.1. All parcels should be addressed to Lieutenant-Colonel D. C. McLagan, c/o Comforts' Fund, Kensington Palace Barracks, London, W.8.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "TATLER AND BYSTANDER" GOLF

COUPON

DECEMBER

Name { Mrs.
Miss

Address

I opened my small photographer's store. I still yearned stupidly for beauty greater than reality could ever achieve. For me the lens of the camera formed the gate of an opium dream. The town was filled with film-mad girls, and they all needed portraits. As the film industry grew—he spread his hands wide—"I grew up with the boom."

I glanced up at the patterned photographs of the wall.

"And your quest for beauty?" I asked, "did you ever discover . . . ? There must have been women in your life. . . ."

"The only woman I ever loved," he said softly, "deserted me."

I was silent. I knew I had probed too deep, and knew not what to say. His white hand made a deprecatory gesture.

"You have been sympathetic," he said. "You must come up to dinner and meet Mrs. Diaz. I found her again, you see. In our bungalow out in the Holmby Hills . . . we have been . . . so happy. . . ."

I accepted with alacrity. Hollywood is hospitable, but Hollywood has its limitations. And then I remembered that the individual taste of men is limited as well. Perhaps she would have grown old and perhaps he would not have noticed the change, and I prepared to be tactful.

Whatever I had expected, I could not have anticipated the truth. I saw her on the emerald lawn of his garden before she saw me. She sat mountainously in a vast straw chair that half crumpled beneath her, a balloon of gross fat. A dark down glinted above her lips. Her eyes were giggish and sly, and gold teeth flashed in her smile.

He introduced us, with those rapt eyes of his lost and dreaming again, and I do not know what words I uttered or how I acted to cover my confusion.

"My mother," he said.



Decency

There, in a word, you have the essence of the Englishman's idea of behaviour. It governs his relationships with his fellow-men. He would wish it to guide the conduct of nations. Because decent behaviour creates confidence — confidence between governments and the governed, between master and man, manufacturer and consumer.

To a large degree the success of the Companies controlled by Viscount Nuffield (they were responsible for a major part of this country's motor transport before the war) has been built up on that very basis. Their cars won public preference because they were designed conscientiously from the motorist's point of view. Their Dealers won confidence because they, too, put the motorist's interests first. Every craftsman

in the Nuffield Organization brought to his task a sincere desire to give generously of his knowledge and skill.

The benefits of this liberal policy are cumulative. Concentrated solely on the production of war material, the Nuffield Group of Companies has mobilised an army of many thousands of the finest type of British craftsman. And here is a force that, with the coming of a victorious peace, will be released for the betterment of motoring.

A first-class product and a gentlemanly atmosphere surrounding the sale — these must and will predispose the Public to deal with an Organization whose ideas and methods of doing things are so characteristically British.

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(Chairman: Viscount Nuffield)

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CHRISTMAS IN A PRACTICAL WAY



It is Marshall & Snelgrove's (Oxford Street) storm hood which is seen above, the perfect protector against rough and stormy weather. It is made of angora cloth. The ears are lightly padded, and it is available in all the accepted colours, including clover and sea green. There are also two-coloured brushed wool hoods



Altogether charming is the three-piece hand-made angora set above; in some incredible way it will flatter any face. It consists of a pair of gloves and two scarves. As will be seen one of the latter is draped around the head, thereby forming a turban. Of course, it may be arranged in a variety of ways. This is an advantage

*Gifts
with a
Purpose*

Fluff cord chenille is the new fabric that Swan & Edgar, Piccadilly, has used for this practical house or shelter coat. It is belted, has long sleeves and a "sliding fastening" from neck to hem; hence it may be slipped on in a very few moments. Rivals to this affair are the warm dressing-gowns, which are sufficiently full to wrap well over the knees when seated



Much to be desired is this Marshall & Snelgrove two-tone cape. It is of brushed wool with neat revers, and there are others terminating just below the hips, while some are reinforced with scarf collars



The Londoner



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The TATLER and BYSTANDER

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OWING to the paper shortage it is essential to place a standing order with your newsagent to make sure of getting your copy of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER each week.

By a Paper Control Order, the output of British paper is drastically restricted and all publications are compelled to exercise the strictest economy and in future no periodicals can now be stocked for casual sale. It is therefore imperative to place an order for your copy each week.

Those desiring to have THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER sent to friends in neutral countries should send a subscription to The Publisher, Illustrated Newspapers Limited, 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Subscription rates are given hereunder:—

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Women's Golf

by Eleanor E. Helme

THIS is written for the number that will be dated December 25: a strange Christmas Day, if ever there was one, though continuing good news from Greece and Egypt will make, one dares to hope, a wonderful greeting.

Moreover, nobody need say there is no opportunity for giving. We may not rack our brains over the question whether the particular niece, nephew or friend prefers Dunlops to any other make of ball, or whether a cheque to spend at his pro's shop on the latest fancy in clubs would be the better choice. We may not burden the post with cards whereon balls and clubs and choleric colonels carry on the old golfing traditions of good spirit in poor verse. But we give all we can, one way and another, to every sort of fund, and every sort of individual who may be lonely, far from home or in any other of the circumstances that seem so out of keeping on Christmas Day.

In particular, at the moment, everybody is faced with the opportunity of giving to the Golfers' "Spitfire" Fund. Two noble gifts in "kind" have been presented. Lillywhites, a firm whom many golfers have good reason to bless in the past, and surely will in the future, are printing the actual appeal which the Golfers' "Spitfire" Fund are sending out, free of all charge, as their contribution. *Fairway and Hazard* are acknowledging every donation free gratis and for nothing in their pages. That, be it noted, is the sole acknowledgment which will be made, thus relieving the committee of postal expenses which might have run away with a considerable sum.

As it now is, of every penny which is received ninety per cent will go to the purchase of "Spitfires," and ten per cent to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. The public, which loves a No Expenses

Fund, is asked to bear that in mind, and not, forgetfully, to ask why no posted receipt weighs down the postman at their door.

Every club affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union is being sent details of the appeal by that body with the reminder of their subscription for 1941. That, be it noted, has been reduced from the 1940 half rate to one-third rate for 1941.

I wonder if it is too much to hope that at least some of the wealthier clubs will add that rebate on to the "Spitfire" donation of their members? The L.G.U. in this instance is putting faith in the undoubted wish of everybody in this kingdom to give all they can to such a fund.

As the original Golfers' "Spitfire" Committee have been the recipients of two trophies to be competed for as a means of raising money, and as a healthy spirit of rivalry is the very essence of golfing life, and county rivalry above all others, these cups are being offered to the counties of which the clubs raise the most money, relative to their total joint membership.

This gives real scope for energy. Puddleshire, perhaps, only has ten affiliated clubs, with a total membership of five hundred between them; but they give donations at the rate of four shillings per head. Middlesex has two hundred affiliated clubs, with a total membership of twenty thousand, only give three shillings a head and Puddleshire wins.

So there is lots of fun to be had, and nobody is going to be sure till the last subscription is in. It will be mighty like those desperate encounters at the Joint Association Field Days, when Stage, Girls' Parliamentary, Medical, Legal, Services, and Veterans sat round scrutinising desperately

those cards which might just make winners on the day, if only their pet protégé did not crash at the last. County meetings saw the same sort of rivalry, when the clubs played frantically for aggregate challenge trophies, handicap or scratch.

It was very hair-raising for the players, hair-whitening for the hon. secs. checking cards, but it was good fun, and the G.S.F. Committee only hope that the counties will find similar sport in seeing how their chances mount as month by month they see their clubs contributions in *Fairway and Hazard*.

THE trophies, by the way, are choice of (a) portion of an enemy aeroplane, subject to permission by the Air Ministry, presented by Mrs. Gordon Black, Hon. Sec. of the G.S.F.; (b) the two original mementos of Worpleston Foursomes, presented by their winners, Mr. T. A. Torrance and the Chairwoman of the G.S.F. Not without a slightly sentimental sigh do these leave their accustomed resting places. After all, they were won in open fight with the Wethered sister and brother, who never entered together thereafter without winning the event. But, no matter, or rather it matters greatly, that the money should come in for the "Spitfires" and the R.A.F. Benevolent.

Clubs will presumably send their donations to the L.G.U., who will hand it on in one lump sum to the Golfers' "Spitfire" Fund; individuals can send it to the Fund direct, c/o TATLER AND BYSTANDER, 32 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, donations made payable to the Fund, and crossed Lloyds Bank. They will all go to the same Fund, and the same purpose.

"Bystander" Monthly Spoons

In accordance with the present wartime arrangement, when sufficient cards are received in either division a spoon or spoons will be awarded in proportion to the number of cards received. No award is made for November.

The December competition will be the last to count for the Yearly Challenge Cup for 1940. (Coupon on page 532).

Getting Married

(Continued from page 529)



Maureen Ramsden Knowles

Maureen Francis Ramsden Knowles and Lieut. Christopher H. C. Gough, R.N., youngest son of the Rev Canon E. P. Gough, Vicar of Tewkesbury, and Mrs. Gough, are engaged. She is the daughter of the late J. T. Ramsden Knowles, and Mrs. Ramsden Knowles, of Manila, Philippines



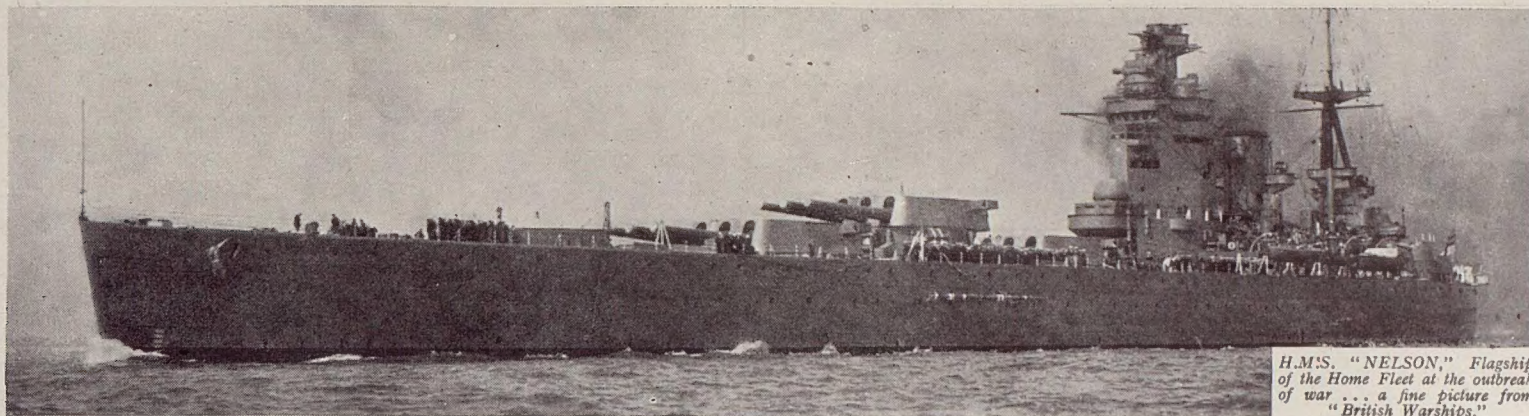
Nancy Margaret Loudon

Nancy Loudon announced her engagement recently to Terence Gilbert Coverdale, King's Own Scottish Borderers. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Coverdale of Old Battersby, Great Aytoun, Yorks. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. John Loudon, of Roseberry, Watford, Herts



Patricia Mary Joynt

Patricia Mary Joynt, only daughter of C. H. A. Joynt, of Knock, Belfast, and the late Mrs. Joynt, is engaged to Sub-Lieut. Brian T. Coulton, R.N.V.R., a Cambridge rowing Blue, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Coulton, of 4 Lawne Park Crescent, Sydenham, Kent



H.M.S. "NELSON," Flagship of the Home Fleet at the outbreak of war... a fine picture from "British Warships."

THE ROYAL NAVY—Completely illustrated and described

"The Navy is to-day, as it always has been in our history, the first line of defence of these islands and of that Great Empire which was built up by the toil and the enterprise of our fathers."

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, on the 31st of January, 1940.

This sums up in a few words the supreme part played by the Royal Navy in the present war and specially underlines the value and importance of the publication "BRITISH WARSHIPS" issued by "The Illustrated London News."

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the salesman enquired . . .



"It would be more suitable, Mr. Willett," my Aunt remarked, "if you spoke only English in these days."

"I'm sorry indeed, Miss Griggs," he replied.

"DYKTAWO is neither code nor a foreign lingo. Just a little mnemonic of my own which, unfortunately, I have to use more and more frequently just now. DYKTAWO . . ."

"And it means — ?" queried my Aunt.

"Well," Mr. Willett replied, and he had the grace to blush, "Don't You Know There's A War On?"

My Aunt's self-control was superb.

"Why," she enquired of nobody in particular, "does every inefficient blame the war for his inefficiency? Mr. Willett, I have placed a simple order for goods: now, right on the verge of Christmas, you calmly tell me you cannot procure them. Pah! I should have tried the Stores in the first place."

"I can assure you, Miss Griggs, that we are not alone in finding difficulties over supplies. Thermos stuff is almost impossible to obtain—and I'm talking as one of their really good customers."

"Thanks mainly to me," my Aunt put in.

Mr. Willett bowed his acknowledgment.

"Those were the days!" he reminisced dreamily. "Square-sided flasks for everybody, one Christmas. Then, the next year, those lovely jug sets. Another time it was picnic cases. But this year, when you wanted Thermos jars all round —"

"This time," my Aunt interrupted, "you come unstuck. Mr. Willett, you must have known I'd want to give Thermos presents as usual for Christmas. Simple, sensible, suitable. And you go and let me down. Losing your grip, eh?"

Mr. Willett allows a generous licence to old and valued customers—even when they're wrong. "There's a very good explanation," he said mildly, "although it doesn't help much.

The position is that, in spite of—er—circumstances to which I must not refer, the Thermos output has actually been increased. But almost the entire production is needed by the various branches of the Services, and to meet Government requirements."

"Well," said my Aunt, somewhat grudgingly, "it may be inconvenient for us, but at least Authority seems to be showing a bit of sense. With all these thousands of poor men standing about out of doors, there's an open-and-shut case for Thermos. Flasks, of course, but more particularly those big food jars."

"And that—as I'm told—is just what they are taking," said Mr. Willett. "Thousands of 'em, for—ah! but I must be discreet."

"That'll make a change," my Aunt remarked. And then suddenly she turned, almost entreating him. "Mr. Willett! I don't mind *what* you don't tell me—so long as you promise to let me know before anyone else when you can get Thermos jugs and jars again."

"Before anyone else," he smiled.

"Excellent!" cried my Aunt. "And really your suggestion that I should send everybody Savings Certificates this year, instead of the Thermos jars I can't

get, was better than I guessed.

It might help buy jars for the young fellows who drop the eggs on Hamm."

A faraway look came into Mr. Willett's eyes.

"I often wonder," he remarked, "what the Reichsmarshal has to say to the Yard Marshals there, when they show him the Yard in the morning. . . ."

My Aunt gathered up her parcels.

"Simple, Mr. Willett," she said with some relish. "DYKTAWO."



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